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BARNET'S

COMUS AND CUPID

SONGSTER:

A SELECTION OF PIECES BOTH

Devoted to the Cause of Temperance

HUMOROUS AND LOVELY.

~~~~~

CHICAGO:

PRINTED BY J. BARNET,

40 STATE STREET.

850.8  
500

BARNETT

COMES AND GOES

SONGSTER

A SONG OF LOVE AND LIFE

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For Contents, see end of Songster.

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HUMORS AND LOVE

CHICAGO

PRINTED BY J. BARNETT

60 STATE STREET

820.8  
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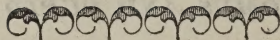
## REMARKS.

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### COMUS AND CUPID

2 Ap 58 Bess  
REQUIRE no apology at our hands in appearing to wield their potent sway over those who may possess this small volume, as HUMOR is fitly allied with Seriousness, and LOVE with the most sacred things of life. Laugh and yet be Lovely may bring us that joy which sweetens a cup with bitter dregs, and prove a remedy for indigestion that doctors have not yet prescribed.

Jan res. 1772-656 Maine  
Fast on the steps of CUPID no doubt COMUS came at the beginning of creation, for we cannot suppose that the most ancient Hebrew lacked his presence any more than the later and despised sons of Canaan.



The selfish sneer

When MIRTH draws near,

But ne'er fash,

The LAUGH will drown

CARE's ugly frown

With a splash!

The beams of LOVE

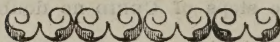
Will surely prove

Heav'nly gain,

When YOUTH he knelt,

And their pow'r felt

Without stain





BARNET'S

# COMUS & CUPID SONGSTER

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## BOB O' THE BENT.

*AIR—Toddlin' But and Toddlin' Ben.*

Come a' ye steeve tipplers and listen to me,  
An' I'll shew you the upshot o' John Barley bree.  
Ye'll ablins be laith to gie up your bit drap,  
But I troth in the end you'll find craw in ye'r crap;  
Then scorn nae advice gi'en wi' friendly intent,  
Tho' it come frae the gab o' auld Bob o' the Bent.

My faither, puir body, when death closed his een,  
Left me laird o' the malin a' stocket fu' bein,  
Wi' three horses, twall kye, sax score toops an' ewes,  
That friskit and fed on the heichs an' the howes,  
Wi' a gude clash o' siller that drew sax per cent—  
Ther' were few chieks could brank, then, wi' Bob o' the Bent.

*Spoken.*—But when I got the bridle in my ain han' I gaed on at a bonny carry. Ran to a' fairs, markets, rockens, sacraments and weddins. Kent o' naething but fill and fetch mair. Troth my neive was ne'er out o' my pooch, from June to January, so e'er you would have said Jock Robinson, I had gane thro' as muckle o' my daddie's weel haint gear as micht hae been a gude nest egg to ony cannie chiel a' the days o' his life. An' mony a caution I got frae my mither too, puir body, wi' the tear in her e'e. When I would be sittin' hearin' her, I saw thro' my folly just as clear as a bead. But whenever her back was turned, fare ye weel, Tammy Orr, there's nae reformation wi' Bob. He's just the auld saxpence, into the shuttle o' the kist for another neivefu' o' siller, an' awa' to the nearest yill house to get a slocknen, or, as a body may rather ca'd, a kindlin' o' drouth; an' there we would hae clawed awa' at the bicker, till the mornin' sun was blinkin' ower the Shott knowes.

Sae wi' tipplin' late and wi' tipplin' sune,  
My hale lyin' siller I sune tippled dune.

When to Glasco I gaed wi' the butter and milk,  
I ne'er failed on the road frae the auld naig to bilk,  
But would clatter and quaff till my siller gaed dune,  
Syne gaed staggerin' hame by the licht o' the mune,  
While the beast toddled on, an' aye hame for the scent,  
Leaving fate to tak' charge o' blythe Bob o' the Bent.

*Spoken.*—An' mony a weary night I took the road my lane,  
reelin' fu', wi' no a lichted house on a' the road, exceptin' the  
blink frae the reekin coal o' somebody's fire, that had nae shut-  
ter on the window; so there I gaed zig-zaging an' hic-cup-  
ping awa'; whiles splashing thro' dubs; whiles tumblin' o'er  
stanes; whiles reeling into a ditch or a hedge; an' whiles stand-  
ing still a' thegither, an' fechtin wi' the water brash,—bannin'  
my folly, and forming strong resolutions ne'er to do the like  
again. You'll ablins think that a fu' body canno' think; but  
after ane's gane twall or fourteen mile upon a road, no' to  
count on the side-cuttings on't, he begins to draw his senses to-  
gether and think what he's about, and form braw plans o'  
reformation too. But a' the joyalty I got o'er the bicker wi'  
twa three canty cronies ne'er had half the relish

O' my ain dog's bark and my ain cock's crow,

As I drew near my hame when the day it did da'.

But my siller grew dune an' my credit grew sma',  
An' in time o' maist need my best freens did withdraw,  
My servants they jouket; my-labor fell back,  
An' I saw gane, I men't nae, I'd soon gae to rack;  
But my head was licht an' my brow was yet brent,  
An' dull care coudna conjure blythe Bob o' the Bent.  
'Twas Martimas before we our cörn could get sawn;  
'Twas Lammas before we our hay could get mawn;  
Cauld winter at han', an' our corn was green,  
An' our kirn we gat seldom before Halloween;  
Sae I fell ahint wi' the mfnister's stent—  
Forbodin' destruction to Bob o' the Bent.

*Spoken.*—But when I am gaun on in this manner, borrowing siller frae ane to pay anither, I'm down at Hamilton Coort ae day—a place o' business at whilk I was beginnin' to be gey weel kent, and appearin' there aft'ner as defendant than plaintiff. I had just settled my accounts wi' my legal advisers,—a class o' gentlemen, by the by, that had me nae sooner out of ae scrape than they had me landed into anither, and I had, as usual, a dainty dreich sederant o'er a jug o' toddy. I got up, staff in han', pinched enuch to keep the croon o' the causey. Weel, when I was gaun by an auld houff whar I had spent hunners o' pounds, tho' noo I was beginning to be mair fash than profit to them, I heard the lanlady say, yonder's Bob o' the Bent comin',—bar the door an' keep him oot. Sae I just studied mysel' on my staff a blink, an' says to mysel', aye! aye! is this a' the gratitude o' change keepers? The deil ane o' your craft will bar the door on Bob o' the Bent again. Sae I gaed straught hame to my bed, rose to my wark neist mornin', an' I ha'e continued as straught as the sun in the lift sinsyne. An' I soon fan my things tak' anither turn, an' noo I hae cleared ilka boddle o' debt that was on my farm, an' I can defy the warld to say that I'm awn a doit.

Noo, I've plenty o' siller in purse an' in pouch,  
 An' to nane o' the warld for favor I'd crouch;  
 I've braw peace o' mind an' gude health to the boot,  
 Tho' I sour in the change keeper's thrapples, like soot.  
 Let ilk chiel aff the road, then, that leads to content,  
 Just gae tread the last footsteps o' Bob o' the Bent.

### GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It fell about the Mart'mas time,  
 And a gay time it was then, O!  
 When our gudewife had puddings to mak',  
 And she boiled them in the pan, O!

The wind blew cauld frae north to south,  
 And blew into the floor, O!

Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,

“Get up and bar the door, O!”

“My hand is in my husswyfskip,

Gudeman, as ye may see, O!

An’ it shouldna be barr’d this hundred year,

It’s no be barr’d for me, O!”

They made a paction ’tween them twa,

They made it firm and sure, O!

Whaever spak’ the foremost word,

Should rise and bar the door, O!

Then by there came twa gentlemen,

At twelve o’clock at night, O!

And they could neither see house nor ha’,

Nor coal nor candle light, O!

“Now, whether’s this a rich man’s house,

Or whether’s it a poor, O?”

But never a word wad ane o’ them speak,

For barring o’ the door, O!

And first they ate the white puddings,

And then they ate the black, O!

Tho’ muckle thought the gudewife to hersel’,

Yet ne’er a word she spak’, O!

Then said the ane unto the other,

“Here, man, tak’ ye my knife, O!

Do ye tak’ aff the auld man’s beard,

And I’ll kiss the gudewife, O!”

“But there’s nae water in the house,

And what shall we do then, O!”

“What ails you at the puddin’ broo,

That boils into the pan, O?”

O! up then started our gudeman,

And an angry man was he, O!



"Will ye kiss my wife before my e'en,  
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O!"

Then up and started our gudewife,  
Gied three skips on the floor, O!

"Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,  
Get up and bar the door, O!"

## KATE DA'RYMPLE.

AIR—*Jingling Johnny.*

In a wee cot house, far across the muir,

Whare peaseweeps, plovers, an' whaaps cry dreary,  
There liv'd an' auld maid for mony a lang year,

Wham ne'er a wooer did e'er ca' deary.

A lanely lass was Kate Da'rymple,

A thrifty quean was Kate Da'rymple,

Nae music, exceptin' the burnie's wimple,

Was heard roun' the dwellin' o' Kate Da'rymple.

Her face had a smack o' gruesome an' grim,

Whilk that frae the fash o' a' wooers did defend her,

Her lang Roman nose nearly met wi' her chin,

That put folk in min' o' the auld Witch o' Endor.

A wiggle in her walk had Kate Da'rymple,

A sneevil in her talk had Kate Da'rymple,

An' mony a carnelion and cairngorm pimple,

Did shine on the dun face o' Kate Da'rymple.

She spun tarry woo' the hale winter through,

For Kate wasna lazy, but eident and thrifty;

She wrought 'mang the peats, coil'd the hay, shore the corn,

An' supported hersel' by her ain hard shift aye:

But ne'er a lover cam' to Kate Da'rymple,

For beauty an' tocher wanted Kate Da'rymple,

Unheeded was the lass by baith gentle an' simple,

A blank in the world seem'd poor Kate Da'rymple.

But mony are the ups an' the downs in life,  
 When the dice-box o' fate's turned tapsalteerie;  
 Sae Kate fell heiress to a rich frien's estate,  
 An' nae langer for lovers had she cause to weary.  
 The Squire cam' a-wooin' soon o' Kate Da'rymple,  
 The priest, scrapin', bowin', fan' out Kate Da'rymple,  
 An' on ilk wooer's face was seen love's smilin' dimple,  
 Sae now she's nae langer Kate—but MISS DALRYMPLE!

Her wee cutty stool that she sat at her wheel,  
 Is flung by for the saft gilded sofa sae gaudy!  
 An' now she's array'd in her silks and brocade,  
 An' can brank now for ruffs an' muffs wi' ony lady.  
 Still, an unco fash to Kate Da'rymple,  
 Was dressing an' party clash to Kate Da'rymple,  
 She thought a half-marrow, bred in line mair simple,  
 Wad be a far fitter match for Kate Da'rymple.

An' aye she thought, as she sat by hersel',  
 She wad wed Willie Speedyspool, the sarkin weaver;  
 An' she to the lad the secret did tell,  
 An' for interest or love he did kindly relieve her.  
 He brak a' his treddles, then, for Kate Da'rymple,  
 He brunt a' his heddles, then, for Kate Da'rymple;  
 Tho' his right e'e did skelly, an' his left leg did limple,  
 He's married noo, an' bedded noo, wi' Kate Da'rymple.

## THE TOCHER FOR ME.

BY COLIN SIEVWRIGHT.

AIR—*Come Under My Plaidie.*

Some pánt for the lass wi' the braw gowden guineas,  
 An' bonnie braid acres sae charming to see;  
 But gi'e me the lass wi' a heart in her bosom,—  
 The mind o' the maiden's the tocher for me.

The gowd might escape from my grasp in a moment,  
 The bonnie braid acros sma' pleasure might gi'e;  
 But tender affection's an unfailing treasure,—  
 The mind o' the maiden's the tocher for me.

Some sigh for the lass wi' the dimples an' roses,  
 The dark wavy ringlets an' bonnie black e'e;  
 But gi'e me the lass wi' a heart leal an' loving,—  
 The mind o' the maiden's the tocher for me.

For beauty will fade like the flowers o' the simmer,  
 When surly November rides over the lea;  
 But kindness will bloom in the bosom for ever,—  
 The mind o' the maiden's the tocher for me.

The red rosy cheek may be careworn and pallid,  
 The love-beaming lustre may fade frae the e'e,  
 When poverty frowns at the cheek o' the ingle,—  
 The mind o' the maiden's the tocher for me.

For deep-rooted friendship an' hearts knit together,  
 Will brighten the prospects o' Nature's decay,  
 An' shed o'er my hame a glad ray o' endearment,  
 When dark wavy ringlets turn lyart an' grey.

## THE CANTY, COUTHIE CHIEL.

BY ALEX. A. RITCHIE.

Gang hame, ye glunchin' grumblers, gae to your beds an' sleep,  
 Till ilk head is like a mummy, or as fozy as a neep;  
 Or sit glowrin' in the ingle, seeking forms wad fley the diel.  
 But you'll never find the visage o' a canty, couthie chiel;  
     O' a canty, couthie chiel, a canty, couthie chiel,  
 You'll never find the visage o' a canty, couthie chiel.

We dinna like the wily loon wha slinks about sae sly,  
 Wi' a sneer for the laigh and a smile for the high;  
 For on his neebor's neck to favors he would speel,  
 He's spurned frae the friendship o' a canty, couthie chiel.

We canna thole the foplin thing, vain fashion's tinsel toy,  
 Our boon o' sociality he never can enjoy;  
 Hauding native grace as "vulgar," and freedom "ungenteel,"  
 He's look'd and he's lauch'd at by a canty, couthie chiel.

But wed me to the lassie kind, wha tries to humor a',  
 She's thrifty in the kitchen, and she's honor'd in the ha';  
 She can lauch at a bit joke, at a tale o' sorrow feel,  
 She'll mak' a right gude wife for a canty, couthie chiel.

When the toil and trouble o' the weary day is past,  
 We poker up the ingle, steek the shutters on the blast—  
 Sit down to our bicker, and our scones o' barley meal,  
 And spend the night sae merry, wi' a canty, couthie chiel.

## THE VALE OF STRATHMORE.

AIR—*The Scottish Blue-Bells.*

Dear land of my birth, far from thee I've been,  
 By streamlets so flow'ry, and valleys so green,  
 In vain seeking pleasure, for still, as of yore,  
 The home of my heart is the vale of Strathmore.

The home etc.

'Twas there, when in schooldays, my Mary and me  
 First plighted our troth on yon bonnie green lea,  
 And there our fond parents kind heaven would implore,  
 To smile on our love in the vale of Strathmore.

To smile, etc.

No longer I'll wander, no farther I'll roam,  
 I'll brave ev'ry danger for thee, my lov'd home;  
 When there the poor rover will part never more,  
 From Mary, my love, and the vale of Strathmore.

From Mary, etc.



## H A R D U P.

In the days when I was hard up, not many years ago,  
I suffered that which only can the sons of misery know;  
Relations, friends, companions, they all turned up their nose,  
And they rated me a vagabond for want of better clothes.

In the days when I was hard up, for want of food and fire,  
I used to tie my shoes up with little bits of wire;  
When hungry, cold, cast on a rock, and could not get a meal,  
How oft I've beat the devil down for tempting me to steal.

In the days when I was hard up, for furniture and drugs,  
Many a summer's night I've held communion with the bugs;  
I never faced them with a pike, or smashed them on the wall,  
I said the world was wide enough, there's room enough for all.

In the days when I was hard up, I used to lock my door,  
For fear the landlady should say you can't lodge here no more.  
From my own back drawing-room, about ten feet by six,  
In the work-house just opposite I've counted all the bricks.

In the days when I was hard up, I bowed my spirits down,  
And often have I sought a friend to borrow half-a-crown;  
How many are there in this world whose evils I can scan,  
The shabby suit of toggery, but cannot see the man.

In the days when I was hard up, I found a blissful hope,  
It's all a poor man's heritage to keep him from the rope;  
Now I've found a good old maxim, and this shall be my plan,  
Altho' I wear a ragged coat, I'll wear it like a man.

---

## THE ROSE WILL CEASE TO BLOW.

The Rose will cease to blow, the eagle turn a dove,  
The stream will cease to flow, ere I will cease to love.  
The sun will cease to shine, the world will cease to move,  
The stars their light resign, ere I will cease to love.

## TAM TWIST, OR A TAILOR'S ADVENTURE.

*AIR—Here Am I, Poor Jack.*

Tam Twist was a tailor true, as e'er put shears in claith,  
But he lik'd the Norlan' blue, as dear as he lik'd his breath.  
His wife was a thrifty dame, an' wish'd their trade extended;  
But Tam's most fav'rite aim, was to draw in cash to spend it.

*Spoken.*—So he would cheer up his journeymen an' apprentices frae dawn till dusk, with his favorite chorus of—

Chalk before ye cut, cut, cut; base before ye sew—be handy;  
Brew before ye drink, drink, drink, my boys, O whisky is the dandy!

When Tam cam' hame in drink, then Nell gaed raving mad,  
For then he'd curse an' sink, an' ca' her a' 'twas bad;  
But when reason wadna do, she seiz'd him like a tiger,  
An' by force did him subdue, for she sprang frae Rab M'Gregor.

*Spoken.*—But before Nell got the better o' him, there was whiles na lown sough in the house, wi' the reelin' o' chairs an' stools, the jinglin' o' tangs an' poker, an' the squeelin' o' weans. It was like the rattlin' o' gabberay-shells, ere Nell could get him master'd, an' flung in the bed like a sack o' draff, unable to sing—

Chalk before ye cut, etc.

When Tam arose niest morn, he did like ither folk;  
To escape mair skaith an' scorn, tak' a' 'twas said in joke.  
Then to shun Nell's tongue severe, on the shop-board took his station;

Where his men he up did cheer, with his wonted salutation—of

Chalk before ye cut, etc.

Thus time roll'd weekly on, in its common course or so,  
As other weeks had gone, whiles an' ebb, an' whiles a flow,

Till a luckless date cam' roun', Tam, for six lang days ne'er  
tasted;  
Sae, when Saturday's sun gaed down, to a weel-kenn'd howff  
he hasted.

*Spoken.*—An' this was neither mair nor less than the house  
o' Lucky Teughcallaps, that has the sign o' the pint-stoup an'  
haggis, at the west end o' Gibson's Wynd, the place where he  
aye gaed to pay his men their week's wages, an' tak, what he  
ca'd in his ain genteel way o' speakin', a *collation*. Sae, after  
Tam had settled wi' his men, an' they had eaten tripe an' cow-  
heel, an' drucken a gye twa-three half-mutchkins o' Campbel-  
ton whisky thegither, the billies slippit awa, ane after anither,  
on some o' their ain errands, an' left their master hickupin' a'  
his lane. When Tam was warslin awa wi' the yeskin, an' fa'in'  
rather into a dover, in comes twa firebran's o' Irishmen—ca's  
for a gill—an' syne began to quarrel about cock-fightin' an'  
badger-drawin'. Tam waukens in a wee; an' hearin' the  
tongues o' the Hibernians gaun like Jehu, says (hickupin,)  
“Frien's, whare got ye your manners, to come stavin into ony  
gentleman's company without speerin whether ye were made  
welcome or no?” “Gemmini,” says one of them, “in a'  
nations of a better place than your pease-brose and brimstone  
country, where there's nothing but starvation for back and  
belly, and frost and snow the whole year thro'!” “Confound  
your Irish muzzle,” cried Tam, “that has the insolence to speak  
lightly o' a' Scotchman's kintra; but as sure's my name's Tam  
Twist, I'll *twist* the ragged carcass o' ye like a shapin' o' duffle!”  
An' syne flang a tankard o' yill in his face, an' grippit him  
owre the table, that gaed awa' wi' a reenge, an' brak' a' that  
was on't. When Lucky Teughcallaps heard that, she ran to the  
door, an' gart a' the street echo, cryin',—Police! police! But  
the Irishmen, dreadin' skaith, ran out o' the house as fast as  
their legs could carry them, no sae muckle as takin' time to  
pay their reckonin', leavin' Tam to clear himsel' an' sing—

Chalk before ye cut, etc.

Then in twa Charlies bounc'd, an' seiz'd him in a trice,  
An' tho' he flang an' flounc'd, they held him like a vice;

Altho' he curs'd an' swore, an' sometimes wad resisted,  
 Yet awa their prize they bore, for they soon were weel assisted  
 —singing

Chalk before ye cut, etc.

To the office straught he's haul'd, amidst the roarin' croud,  
 Wi' rage an' pride sair gall'd, while the boys huzza'd aloud.  
 Soon before the judge he stands, when he's safely moor'd in  
 harbor,

Who consigns him to the hands of the doctor and the barber.

*Spoken.*—Sae ye maun be a' weel aware o' what wad follow.  
 The doctor approv'd of the award of the judge, and the barber  
 obeyed the directions of the doctor; an' poor, harmless, merry  
 Tam Twist's beard, whiskers, an' bushy head, were shaven as  
 bare as a painch, an' his purse lighten'd o' five shillings by  
 way o' a friendly admonition an' memento, an' a judicious  
 display of medical skill to prevent *inflammation of the brain*,  
 which might have arisen from the excessive exertion made in  
 singing—

Chalk before ye cut, etc.

When Tam cam' frae their care, sic a droll sight's seldom seen;  
 Wi' his head sae ghastly bare, an' his hat slouch'd owre his een.  
 When he set it on the *left*, to catch his slidd'ry head, man;  
 Then the *right*, o' hair bereft, was an eldritch sight indeed, man.

*Spoken.*—But ere Tam wan hame, Nell an' the weans were  
 bedded, an' the door barr'd; an' when Tam gied his usual chap  
 an' countersign, she gied a wheen indistinct grumbles about  
 drucken brutes, wasterfu' blackguards, an' torments to a'  
 that's conneckit wi' them. But when she lighted the lamp, an'  
 drew the bar o' the door, an' saw a man wi' lang bare chafts,  
 an' his hat restin' on' the brig o' his nose, she dash'd the door  
 too again, an' squeel'd, murder! robbers! Sae a' that Tam  
 could say to convince her o' his identity, was in vain, till the  
 neebors, waukent by the soun', drew near, an' got an expla-  
 nation o' the hale affair; syne Nell loot him in, an' gied him as  
 muckle halesome admonition as put him for ae night frae  
 singing—

Chalk before ye cut, etc.



Niest day Tam got a wig, his credit in to keep;  
Which made his head look trig, tho' it made his head not  
cheap.

Then let us all take care, for they're dang'rous times we live in;  
Lest we fall into Tam's snare, an' to purchase wigs be driven.

*Spoken.*—And as a caution to all, I could not recommend a  
better maxim than Tam's favorite chorus, which, I'm sure ye  
hae a' by heart by this time, by only alterin' the last line a  
kennin—

Chalk before ye cut, cut, cut; base before ye sew—be handy;  
Brew before ye drink, drink, drink, my boys; *but ne'er let  
drink command ye!*

---

## SHILELAH GRAMACHREE.

You are going to the wars, where the dirty fighting's done,  
With knapsack on your back, and your shoulder to a gun,  
You'll dance no more at fairs, or go out upon a spree,  
Oh, Mickey, darling, jewel, dear, you'll be forgetting me.

With your soger coat so green, when you're marching into town,  
You'll break the hearts of all the girls, and turn them upside  
down;

And then you'll be a marrying them, and if you do you'll see,  
Be the powers! I'll not sleep in bed, but its murtherin you I'll be.

When the drums do beat the charge, you'll be falling on your  
back,

Like they do in Tipperary, but your skull will show no crack,  
And when the General hears it, for your bravery you'll be  
A corporal or a body guard, what will become of me?

If I were queen of America, or California's king,  
I'd have no guns used in the wars, but a better murtherin thing;  
The inventors of the pistols I'd transport across the sea,  
And kill the sogers decently, with a Shilelah Gramachree.

# HUNTINGTOWER;

OR, THE GUNNERS' GATE.

WHEN YE GANG AWA', JAMIE.

*Jeannie.*

When ye gang awa', Jamie,  
Far across the seas, laddie;  
When ye gang to Germanie,  
What will ye bring to me, laddie?

*Jamie.*

I'll bring you a braw new gown, Jeannie,  
I'll bring you a braw new gown, lassie;  
And it shall be a' silken gowd,  
With flounces set aroun', lassie.

*Jeannie.*

That's nae gift ava, Jamie,  
That's nae gift ava, laddie;  
There's ne'er a gown in a' the toun,  
I'd like when your awa', laddie.

*Jamie.*

When I come back again, Jeannie,  
When I come back again, lassie;  
I'll bring with me a gallant gay,  
To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

*Jeannie.*

Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,  
Be my gudeman yoursel', laddie;  
And tak' me ower to Germanie,  
To dwell with thee at hame, laddie.

*Jamie.*

I dinna ken how that would do, Jeannie,  
I dinna ken how that would do, lassie;

For I've a wife and bairnies three,  
And I'm no sure how you would 'gree, lassie.

*Jeannie.*

You should a tell't me that in time, Jamie,  
You should a tell't me that in time, laddie;  
For had I kent of your fause heart,  
You'd ne'er a gotten mine, laddie.

*Jamie.*

Your een were like a spell, Jeannie,  
Your een were like a spell, lassie;  
For ilka day bewitched me sae,  
I coudna help mysel', lassie.

*Jeannie.*

Gang back to your wife at hame, Jamie,  
Gang back to your bairnies three, laddie;  
And I will pray they ne'er may thole,  
A broken heart like mine, laddie.

*Jamie.*

Dry up your tearful e'e, Jeannie,  
My story's a' a lee, lassie;  
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,  
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

*Jeannie.*

Think weel afore you rue, Jamie,  
Think weel afore you rue, laddie;  
For I have neither gowd nor land,  
To be a match for thee, laddie.

*Jamie.*

Blair and Athole's mine, Jeannie,  
Little Dunkeld's mine, lassie;  
St. Johnston's bowers and Huntingtowers  
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

## HALF-PAST TEN.

I ha'e mind when I courtit my ain wifie, Jean,  
Though aften I gaed, she little was seen;  
For her faither, the elder, like a' godly men,  
Aye steekit his door about half-past ten.

Ae sacrament Sabbath I saw Jeannie hame—  
(Ony lad wi' his lass wu'd ha'e dune the same;)  
We cracked sae lang at the cozy fire end,  
That the time slipped by tae half-past ten.

The worthy man read, sine fervently prayed,  
And gin he was dune, he solemnly said:  
It has aye been a rule, but it's likely ye'll ken,  
That we steek a' our doors about half-past ten.

The hint was enough for a blate lad like me,  
But I caught a blink o' my Jeannie's black e'e,  
As much as to say, Come aye back to the glen,  
For we're sure to be hame afore half-past ten.

Ae night, twa three lads and mysel did agree,  
To gang to some place near to ha'e a bit spree;  
Quo I, What d'ye think o' gaun down to the glen,  
For we're sure to be hame afore half-past ten.

We a' were received wi' hearty good will,  
The elder nae less brought a cask o' his yill,  
Sine gaed aff to his bed, and says Jean, ye'll atten',  
That the doors are a' steekit at half-past ten.

Ou aye, says Jean; but the best o' the joke,  
Was her slipping ben and then stopping the clock;  
I'm no gaun to tell you the how nor the when,  
But the hands werena pointing to half-past ten.

About four in the morning, the auld man arose,  
And lighting a spunk, to the clock straight he goes;  
Gude save us, gudewife, did ye hear me gae ben,  
Losh! the lads are away before half-past ten.



But the cat very soon was let out o' the pock,  
 By the cackling o' hens, thus ending the joke,  
 And opening the shutters, he clearly saw then,  
 That they'd a' ha'e their breakfast e'er half-past ten.

Ye ne'er heard such laughing a' days o' yer life,  
 And nane were sae hearty as auld man and wife;  
 Quo I, What'll the lassies no do for the men—  
 E'en cheat their auld faither out o' half-past ten.

It was a' settled then that Jean should be mine,  
 The wedding soon followed, and we've aye sinsyne  
 Lived happy together, and hope to the end,  
 But we'll aye mind that night and its half-past ten.

*[Modern Verse, slightly altered from the ancient original.]*

And noo a wee bit o' advice I wad gi'e,—  
 Mak gude use o' time when ye gang to a spree;  
 I'm a faither mysel', and braw weel I ken  
 That the fun should be a thro' about half-past ten.

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## ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY.

My mither men't my auld breeks,  
 An' wow! but they were duddy,  
 An' sent me to get shod our mare  
 At Robin Tamson's smiddy;  
 The smiddy stands beside the burn  
 That wimples thro' the clachan,  
 I never yet gae by the door,  
 But aye I fa' a laughin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,  
 An' had ae bonnie dochter,  
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,  
 Tho' mony lads had sought her;

But what think ye o' my exploit?—

The time our mare was shoeing,  
I slippit up beside the lass,  
An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,  
The time that we sat crackin',  
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the *clouts*,  
I've new anes for the makin';  
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me  
An' lea' the carle—your father,  
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,  
Mysel', an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,  
I really think I'll tak' it,  
Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,  
We'll baith slip on the back o't;  
For gin I wait my father's time,  
I'll wait till I be fifty,  
But na; I'll marry in my prime,  
An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,  
At losing o' his dochter;  
Thro' a' the kintra-side he ran,  
An' far an' near he sought her;  
But when he cam' to our fire-end,  
An' fand us baith thegither,  
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn  
An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' shook his pow—  
Guid sooth, quo' he, you're merry;  
But I'll just tak' ye at your word,  
And end this hurry burry.  
So Robin an' our auld gudewife,  
Agreed to creep thegither,  
Now, I ha'e Robin Tamson's pet,  
An' Robin has my mither.

## THE IRISH RECRUIT.

AIR—*Teddy O'Rourke.*

Teddy O'Ran had a valiant heart, and to fight was mighty willing,

To the Sargent Paddy marched, and took the 'listing shilling.

Faith, I'll be promoted soon, says he to Corporal Cazy,

For I've shoulder'd the hod for many long years, it will tack  
me to shoot easy.                      With a row de dow, etc.

Hold up your head, says the Sargeant. That's what I'm always after doing—excepting whin I've got a whisky faver, and thin it is a bit lopsided. Turn out your toes, says he. Faith and don't you see my toes are out already; and faith that was true for me, for both shoes were out at elbows, and the only stockings I had were bare feet. Stand at ease, cried he. How will I be after doing that same? Sure and faith, said I, I never stand at ease but when I sit down. Shoulder arms, cried he.

Would you have me shoulder legs, says I. Right about face, says he. Oh, I'm all right about the face, says I. To the right wheel, says he. If it is all the same thing to you, I would sooner have a taste of mutton. Order arms, says he. Where will I order thim? says I. Load, says he. The cart or barrow? Fire, says he. Where, says I. Charge, says he. Three and a kick, says I. Take that, says he. And by the powers of Poll Kelly, he was after hitting me such a crack that made me sing

Row de dow, etc.

At last they drill'd and braced me up and fitted me for battle,  
And off we marched to the field of fight, where the cannons  
loud did rattle.

There the blood did run about just like pools of water,

Paddy, says they, now which is the best, the gun or the hod  
wid the mortar.

What was the use of disliking the same. They told me I cud but die once, faith, but I saw many a poor fellow killed two or three times. At last it came to my turn—for a ball came and knocked me down as dead as a herrin. Get up out of that,

says the Sargent. How can I, says I—sure and don't you see I'm kilt. The devil a bit, says he. Sure then I'm speechless says I—and that's jist as bad. While he was going on so, bad luck to me but a ball comes along and takes off his leg—my leg's gone, says he. Which leg, says I? My left, says he. Och, then, says I, your right is *left*. How's that, says he. Because it's the only one *that's left*. So at last we beat the foe, and the drummers bate, and I was taken off the field wid the killed and wounded, got my discharge wid a thumping penchan—which they never pay, causing me to sing

Row de dow, etc.

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## YANKEE GIRLS.

The pretty gals in Yankee land,  
 You'll find exceeding handy;  
 For doing chores, or making pies,  
 All know they are the dandy.

And if you wed our Yankee gals,  
 They're famed for wit and beauty,  
 You'll find they make the best of wives,  
 And always do their duty.

Who clothed our soldiers in the war,  
 Which made of us a nation?  
 The Yankee gals worked night and day,  
 Nor thought it degradation.

And now they still make up new clothes,  
 But not for fighting brothers;  
 They're making little trowserloons,  
 Like good and faithful mothers.

God bless the Yankee gals at home,  
 God bless their emigrations;  
 If married, widowed, or unwed,  
 They lead all other nations.



# THE WIFIE OUTWITTED.

BY ALEX. SMART.

TUNE—*The Laird o' Cockpen.*

A cunnin' wee carlie was auld Robbie Young,  
A sly pawky body that wadna be dung;  
    Though tied till a wifie,  
    The plague o' his lifie,  
His tricks were a match for the wisikie's tongue.

A grocer was he, in our auld borristoun,  
An' he coupt up his caupie night, mornin' an' noon;  
    Aye watchin' an' joukin'  
    Whan she wasna lookin',  
He winket an' leugh as the drappie ran down.

An' aye whan the wee drap wad biz in his pow,  
It set a' his couthie auld heart in a lowe;  
    Sae kind to the bairns,  
    Wha ran bits o' erran's,  
A snap or a parlie he aye wad bestow.

But the wifie bethought her, sae crafty an' crouse,  
An' removed the temptation to sell't ben the house;  
    Her pressie she locket,  
    The key in her pocket,  
While Robbie sat watchin' as mum as a mouse.

"Tak' warnin', ye auld drunken carlie," quo' she,  
"Ye'll ken late or soon what the drinker maun dree;  
    Ae drap to your wizen,  
    Although it should gizen,  
For fechtin' or fleechin' ye'll getna frae me!"

How customers gathered she couldna weel tell,  
The bonny auld greybeard now ran like a well;  
    The change aye increasin',  
    She thought it a blessin',  
But kentna it cam' frae auld Robbie himsel'!

O Robin was mair than a match for her still—  
The whisky she took, but she left him the till;

He ga'e the weans siller,

An' sent them ben till her,

An' never ance wantit a glass or a gill!

An' syne how the bodie would laugh in his sleeve,

An' drink without speerin' the wifkie's leave;

It sweetened the drappie,

An' made him sae happy,

To think he sae weel could the wife deceive!\*

## WHEN YOU GO A COURTING;

OR,

### THE WAY TO MAKE LOVE LIKE AN IRISHMAN.

When you go a courting a neat and a dainty lass,  
Don't you be sighing and ready to faint, alas!  
Little she'll care for such pluckless philandering,  
Soon to old Nick she would send you a wandering;  
Show that you know that her love she would like to grant—  
Plainly explain that yourself is the boy she'd want;  
Stand up and speak up, and make her be sensible,  
How she's in good luck that can't get such a fencible.

Whack, fol de ral.

Tip her the wink, and take hold of the fist of her,  
Kiss her before she has time to cry Christopher;  
Give her another, and then half a score of them,  
Still you will find her quite ready for more of them.  
If she gets crusty, and makes your ears ache a bit,  
Hush her, and please her, and don't let her speak of it,

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\* Robbie may blame us for moralizing, but we would advise him and all his drouthy successors to be moderate in their mirth, and bear in mind our national proverb, "Ne'er let the nose blush for the sins o' the mouth."

When in your arms you fairly have got her, sir,  
 Her heart it will melt like a lump of fresh butter, sir.  
 Whack, etc.

Pitch to the devil your sighing and well-a-days,  
 Ogling and singing of piperly melodies,  
 Moaning and groaning may do, but I doubt it, joy,  
 Take my advice, and go briskly about it, boy.  
 Never be quibbling or scribbling of sonnets, sir,  
 Fly at her face and lay thousands upon it, sir,  
 Press her, caress her, be saucy and stylish, man,  
 That is the way to make love like an Irishman.  
 Whack, etc.

When she cries out, you're an impudent fellow, sir,  
 Her eyes gainsay what her tongue it may tell you, sir;  
 Walk with her, talk with her, sit by the side of her,  
 I'll be your bail that you'll soon make a bride of her;  
 Arrah! the creatures it's fairly I'm kilt with them,  
 Could my heart hold the Red Sea 'twould be filled with them;  
 Far have I rambled and surely where'er I went,  
 'Twas with the girls I'd the fun and the merriment.  
 Whack, etc.

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## POLLY PERKINS.

I'm a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm arrayed,  
 Through keeping of the company of a young servant maid;  
 Who lived on board wages to keep the house clean,  
 In a gentleman's family near Paddington Green.

### CHORUS.

She was as beautiful as a butterfly,  
 And as proud as a queen;  
 Was pretty little Polly Perkins,  
 Of Paddington Green.



## BAULDY BUCHANAN.

BY ALEX'R RODGER.

O wha hasna heard o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan?  
 A hale hearty carle o' some saxty years stan'in';  
 Gae search the hale kintra, frae Lanark to Lunnon,  
 Ye'll scarce find the match o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.  
 For Bauldy's sae cracky, an' Bauldy's sae canty—  
 A frame o' threescore wi' a spirit o' twenty—  
 Wi' his auld-farrant tales, an' his jokin' an' funnin'  
 A rich an' rare treat is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

Blythe Bauldy Buchanan's a wonderfu' drinker  
 O' knowledge—for he's a great reader an' thinker—  
 There's scarcely an author frae Bentham to Bunyan,  
 But has been run dry by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.  
 He kens a' the courses an' names o' the planets—  
 The secret manœuvres o' courts an' o' senates—  
 Can tell you what day Babel's tower was begun on;—  
 Sae deep read in beuks is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

He can play on the bagpipe, the flute and the fiddle,  
 Explain ony text, or expound ony riddle;  
 At deep calculation, at drawin' an' plannin',  
 There's naebody equal to Bauldy Buchanan.  
 He kens how the negroes are black an' thick-lippit—  
 How leopards are spotted—how zebras are strippit—  
 How maidens in Turkey sae muckle are run on;—  
 Sae versed in sic matters is Bauldy Buchanan.

How the English like beer, an' the Scotch like their whisky—  
 How Frenchmen are temperate, lively and frisky—  
 How the Turks are sae grave, an' the Greeks are sae cunnin',  
 Can a' be explained by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.  
 An' mair than a' that, he can trace out the cause  
 O' rain an' fair weather—o' frosts an' o' thaws—  
 An' what keeps the earth in its orbit still runnin';—  
 Sae wonderfu' learned is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.



When round his fireside neebors meet in the gloamin's,  
 An' hear him describe the auld Greeks an' the Romans—  
 How they battled an' fought without musket or cannon—  
 The folks glow'r wi' wonder at Bauldy Buchanan.  
 Or when he descends frae the grave to the witty,  
 An' tells some queer story, or sings some droll ditty,  
 Wi' his poetry, pleasantry, puzzlin' an' punnin',  
 Their sides are made sair wi' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

But o' a' the attractions that Bauldy possesses,  
 His greatest attractions are twa bonnie lasses;  
 'Mang a' the fine leddies frae Crail to Clackmannan,  
 There's nane can match Bella an' Betty Buchanan.  
 For O they're sae clever, sae frank an' sae furthy,  
 Sae bonnie, sae bloomin', sae wise an' sae worthy,  
 They keep the hale lads in the parish a-runnin'  
 An' strivin' for Bella and Betty Buchanan.

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## THE BRIDAL RING.

I dreamt last night of our earlier days,  
 Ere I sighed for a sword and feather,  
 When we danced on the hill in the moon's pale rays,  
 Hand in hand, hand in hand together.  
 I thought you gave me again that kiss,  
 More sweet than the perfume of Spring,  
 While I pressed on your finger love's pure golden pledge—  
 The bridal ring, the bridal ring.

I dreamt I heard then the trumpet sound,  
 And at once was forced to sever,  
 That I fell on the heath with my last death wound,  
 Lost to thee, lost to thee for ever.  
 I thought you gave me again that kiss,  
 More sweet than the perfume of Spring,  
 'Neath its warmth I awoke, on the dear hand to press,  
 The bridal ring, the bridal ring.

## OUR GUDAMAN CAM' HAME AT E'EN.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en, and hame cam' he;  
 And there he saw a saddle-horse, where nae horse should be.  
 Oh, how cam' this horse here? how can this be?  
 How cam' this horse here, without the leave o' me?

A horse! quo' she;

Ay, a horse, quo' he.

Ye auld blind dotard carle, and blinder mat ye be!  
 It's but a bonnie milk-cow, my mither sent to me.

A milk-cow! quo' he;

Ay, a milk-cow, quo' she.

Far ha'e I ridden, and muckle ha'e I seen;  
 But a saddle on a milk-cow saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en, and hame cam' he;  
 He spied a pair o' jack-boots, where nae boots should be.  
 What's this now, gudewife? what's this I see?  
 How cam' these boots here, without the leave o' me?

Boots! quo' she;

Ay, boots, quo' he.

Ye auld blind dotard carle, and blinder mat ye be!  
 It's but a pair o' water-stoups, the cooper sent to me.

Water-stoups! quo' he;

Ay, water-stoups, quo' she.

Far ha'e I ridden, and muckle ha'e I seen,  
 But siller-spurs on water-stoups, saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en, and hame cam' he;  
 And there he saw a siller-sword, where nae sword should be.  
 What's this now, gudewife? what's this I see?  
 Oh, how cam' this sword here, without the leave o' me?

A sword! quo' she;

Ay, a sword, quo' he.

Ye auld blind dotard carle, and blinder mat ye be!  
 It's but a parridge-spurtle, my minnie sent to me.

A parridge-spurtle! quo' he;

Ay, a parridge-spurtle, quo' she.

Weel, far ha'e I ridden, and muckle ha'e I seen;  
But siller-handed parridge-spurtles saw I never nane.

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en, and hame cam' he;  
And there he saw a muckle coat, where nae coat should be.  
How cam' this coat here? how can this be?  
How cam' this coat here, without the leave o' me?

A coat! quo' she;

Ay, a coat, quo' he.

Ye auld blind dotard carle, and blinder mat ye be!  
It's but a pair o' blankets, my minnie sent to me.

Blankets! quo' he;

Ay, blankets, quo' she.

Far ha'e I ridden, and muckle ha'e I seen;  
But buttons upon blankets saw I never nane.

Ben gaed our gudeman, and ben gaed he;  
And there he spied a sturdy man, where nae man should be.  
How came this man here? how can this be?  
How came this man here, without the leave o' me?

A man! quo' she;

Ay, a man, quo' he.

Hooly, hooly, our gudeman, and dinna angry be,  
It's just our Cousin McIntosh come frae the north countrie

Your Cousin McIntosh! quo' he;

Ay, my Cousin McIntosh, quo' she.

You'll ha'e us a' hang'd, gudewife, I've een enough to see;  
You're hidin' rebels in the house without the leave o' me.

## THE HEATHER BELL.

O! deck thy hair wi' the heather bell, the heather bell alone;  
Leave roses to the lowland maid, the lowland maid alone.  
I've seen thee wi' the gay, gay rose, and wi' the heather bell:—  
I love thee much wi' both, fair maid, but wear the heather bell;  
For the heather bell, the heather bell, which breathes the  
mountain air,  
Is far more fit than roses gay, to deck thy flowing hair.

Away, away, ye roses gay, the heather bell for me;  
 Fair maiden, let me hear thee say,—“The heather bell for me.”  
 Then twine a wreath o’ the heather bell, the heather bell alone;  
 Nor rose nor lily twine ye there—the heather bell alone:  
 For the heather bell, the heather bell, which breathes the  
     mountain air,  
 Is far more fit than roses gay, to deck thy flowing hair.

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## NAEBODY KENS YE.

BY ROBERT L. MALONE.

*AIR—Hooly and Fairly.*

Are ye doin’ ought weel?—are ye thrivin’, my man?  
 Be thankfu’ to Fortune for a’ that she sen’s ye;  
 Ye’ll ha’e plenty o’ frien’s aye to offer their han’,  
     When ye needna their countenance—a’ body kens ye;  
         A’ body kens ye,  
         A’ body kens ye,  
     When ye needna their countenance—a’ body kens ye;  
 But wait ye a wee till the tide tak’s a turn!  
 An’ awa’ wi’ the ebb drifts the favors she len’s ye,  
 Cauld frien’ship will then leave ye lanely to mourn;  
     When ye need a’ their frien’ship, then naebody kens ye;  
         Naebody kens ye, etc.

The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,  
 An’ vow’d wi’ his heart’s dearest bluid to befrien’ ye;  
 A five-guinea note, man! will part ye as wide  
     As if oceans and deserts were lyin’ between ye!  
         Naebody kens ye, etc.

It’s the siller that does’t man! the siller! the siller!  
 It’s the siller that breaks ye! an’ mak’s ye, an’ men’s ye;  
 When your pockets are toom an’ nae wab i’ the loom,  
     Then tak’ ye my word for’t there’s naebody kens ye!  
         Naebody kens ye, etc.

But thinkna I mean that a' mankind are sae—

It's the butterfly-frien's that misfortune should fear, aye—  
There are those worth the name, Gude sen' there were mae!

Wha, the caulder the blast, aye the closer draw near ye!

Naebody kens ye, etc.

The friend wha can tell us our fauts to our face,

But aye frae our foes in our absence defen's us,

Leeze me on sic hearts! o' life's pack he's the ace

Wha scorns to disown us when naebody kens us.

#### CHORUS.

Naebody kens us, naebody kens us,

Poortith's a dry-nurse frae folly whilk speans us—

She deprives us o' means, just to show us our frien's,

Wha winna disown us when naebody kens us.

## NANNY'S SAILOR LAD.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Now fare you well! my bonny ship,

For I am for the shore:

The wave may flow, the breeze may blow,

They'll carry me no more.

And all as I came walking

And singing up the sand,

I met a pretty maiden,

I took her by the hand.

But still she would not raise her head,

A word she would not speak,

And tears were on her eyelids,

Dripping down her cheek.

Now grieve you for your father?

Or husband might it be?

Or is it for a sweetheart

That's roving on the sea?



It is not for my father,  
 I have no husband dear,  
 But oh! I had a sailor lad,  
 And he is lost, I fear.

Three long years  
 I am grieving for his sake,  
 And when the stormy wind blows loud,  
 I lie all night awake.

I caught her in my arms,  
 And she lifted up her eyes,  
 I kissed her ten times over  
 In the midst of her surprise.

Cheer up, cheer up, my Nanny,  
 And speak again to me;  
 O dry your tears, my darling,  
 For I'll go no more to sea.

I have a love, a true love,  
 And I have golden store;  
 The wave may flow, the breeze may blow,  
 They'll carry me no more.

## HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL.

'Tis years since last we met,  
 And we may not meet again;  
 I have struggled to forget,  
 But the struggle was in vain.

### CHORUS.

For her voice lives on the breeze,  
 And her spirit comes at will:  
 In the midnight on the seas,  
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

(Repeat.)

At the first sweet dawn of light,  
 When I gaze upon the deep,

Her form still greets my sight,  
 While the stars their vigils keep.  
     When I close my aching eyes,  
     Sweet dreams my senses fill;  
 And from sleep when I arise,  
     Her bright smile haunts me still.

I have sail'd 'neath alien skies,  
 I have trod the desert path,  
 I have seen the storm arise,  
     Like a giant in his wrath;  
     Ev'ry danger I have known,  
     That a reckless life can fill;  
 But her presence has not flown,  
     Her bright smile haunts me still.

---

## SWEET JANE.

(Altered from *Sweet Jane of Ravenswood*.)

'Twas springtime, as the wavelets played  
 And rippled o'er the sand,  
 When I so oft at evening strayed  
     By the lake's lovely strand,  
 There Jane's sweet face and hazel eye  
     Entranced me like a spell,  
 And my fond heart it heaved a sigh,  
     The cause a tale would tell.

There Jane's sweet face, etc.

In summer heat, in shady groves,  
 Beneath some whispering pine,  
 While she some fragrant garlands wove,  
     I wooed her to be mine.  
 Light fell her hand into my own,  
     With blushes plainly seen,  
 While at her feet sweet flowers were strewn,  
     Sweet Jane, my only queen.

There Jane's sweet face, etc.

## JOHN TAMSON'S CART.

"We're a' John Tamson's bairns"—that's an old Scotch sayin', and a true yin. I kent John Tamson weel. He had strapping lads and lasses baith, and he lived in that part of Glasgow that was remarkable for the march of Sir William Wallace to attack the English general, Percy. Ye'll be spiering whare's that? weel it's just the Brunt Barns. His next door neighbor was yin Will Galbraith; a coal carter, like himsel'. So yae nicht, after a hard day's wark, he meets Will: "Hech, Will, there's a gey cauld kind o' nicht. Hae ye ony objections to a dram?" "No," quo Will, "where will we gang?" "We'll just gang o'er to Lucky Sourkail's." Weel, they sat down, and they had yae dram after anither, till "the proper corrective that aften parts gude company" gar'd them rise—that's the bottom o' a toom pouch. "Hech," says John, "I'll hae to be up before the sparrows, to gae wa' for a cart o' coals." Weel, he was as gude's his word; he wakened frae the side o' Mrs. Tamson, and yokes the horse geyan canny, and he's no lang till he's through Camlachie-toll. But, faith, in that quiet part o' the road between Camlachie and Parkhead, John fa's fast asleep. But wha should come by, but Bauldy Baird, and he's a gey gleg kind o' a chiel': he disna like to let a gude opportunity slip out o' his hand. So he unyoked John's horse geyan canny, and he sets down the cart as canny. It happened to be Ru'glen fair morning, and he kent weel whar he was taking his bargain till; so he left John driving his pigs to the market geyan comfortable. But as John suddenly fell asleep, he as suddenly wakened, and looking up wi his yae e'e half opened, he looks first to the tae side o' the cart and syne to the tither, and he cries, "Gor, I canna understan' the meaning o' this at a'. As the Laird McNab said when he came in at the winning post at Perth races—"By the Lord this is me now;" but I canna exclaim wi' the Laird M'Nab—for, by my faith, this is no me! no me!—but there's yae thing I can see, that if I'm John Tamson, I've lost a horse, but if I'm no John Tamson, faith, I've found a cart. But how will I find out this? I'll just awa' hame to the wife, for she settles a' my accounts, she'll settle this yin tae." Weel

awa' hame he comes, geyan briskly, and he's no lang till he's at his ain door; and he cries out, "Am I John Tamson?" Mrs. Tamson puts o'er her hand to find for honest John—"Na, na," quo' she, "ye're no John Tamson, he's awa' to his wark twa or three hours syne." "'Od I'm glad o' that," quo' he, "for if I had been John Tamson, I would have lost a horse, but as I'm no John Tamson, Lord, I've found a cart!"

## LET'S TRY TO MEET TROUBLE HALF-WAY.

Tell me, what is the use of repining?  
 Why can't we be light-hearted and gay?  
 If your planet just now be not shining,  
 Why to-morrow 'twill beam for to-day.  
 Never moodily give way to sadness,  
 But blythely smile as you may,  
 And your grief will soon change into gladness,  
 If you try to meet trouble half-way.

In the season when sorrow o'ertakes you,  
 And the bright star of hope shines above,  
 Never sigh that cold falsehood forsakes you,  
 But rejoice that truth's left you to love.  
 When fate hands the gall'd cup you must drink it,  
 For the jade never brooketh delay,  
 But the draught's not so bad as you think it,  
 If you cheerily meet trouble half-way.

Then be wise, and take heart, don't be grieving,  
 Show a brow that's unruffled and calm,  
 And you'll find 'twill assist your believing,  
 That for every fresh grief there's a balm.  
 So shake hands with dull care when you meet him,  
 Since you can't keep him always at bay,  
 And 'twill lighten your load when you greet him.  
 So let's try to meet trouble half-way.

## KISSING.

Ladies should see that these Rules are strictly observed.

The Gentleman must be taller than the Lady he intends to kiss. Take her right hand in yours, and draw her gently to you, pass your left hand over her right shoulder, diagonally down across her back, under her left arm; press her to your bosom, at the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but to lean a little forward and press your lips to hers and then the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing off shooting-crackers, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove; but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without smashing her standing collar or spoiling her curls, and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth, revel in the blissfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips as if the inference were verified of stolen waters being sweet.

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## THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A brace of sinners for no good,  
 Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
 Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,  
 And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.  
 Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,  
 With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;  
 In short, their toes so gently to amuse,  
 The priest had order'd peas into their shoes.

A nostrum, famous in old popish times,  
 For purifying souls that stunk of crimes:  
 A sort of apostolic salt,  
 Which popish parsons for its power exalt,  
 For keeping souls of sinners sweet,  
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off the self-same day,  
 Peas in their shoes, to go and pray:  
 But very different was their speed, I wot:



One of the sinners gallop'd on,  
 Swift as a bullet from a gun;  
 The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—  
 Had his soul white-wash'd over all so clever;  
 Then home again he nimbly hied,  
 Made fit, with saints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
 He met his brother rogue, about half way—  
 Hobbling with out-stretch'd neck, and bended knees,  
 Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;  
 His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,  
 Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now?" the light-toed, white-washed pilgrim broke,  
 "You lazy lubber!"  
 "Odds curse it!" cried the other, "'tis no joke—  
 My feet, once hard as any rock,  
 Are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—  
 As for Loretto I shall not get there;  
 No! to the devil my sinful soul must go,  
 For dam'me if I ha'nt lost ev'ry toe.

"But, brother sinner, pray explain  
 How 'tis that you are not in pain;  
 What power hath work'd a wonder for *thy* toes:  
 Whilst I, just like a snail am crawling,  
 Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,

Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes;  
 How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,  
 Merry, as if nought had happened—burn ye!"

"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know  
 That just before I ventur'd on my journey,  
 To walk a little more at ease,  
 I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

# MY GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

AIR—*Old Rosin the Beau.*

A fig for your upper-ten girls,  
 With their velvets and satins and laces,  
 Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,  
 And their milliner figures and faces!  
 They may shine at a party or ball,  
 Emblazoned with half they possess,  
 But give me in place of them all,  
 My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair  
 As the rose in its earliest bloom;  
 Her teeth will with ivory compare,  
 And her breath with the clover perfume.  
 Her step is as free and light,  
 As the fawns who the hunters hard press,  
 And her eyes is as soft and as bright,  
 My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may sneer,  
 At her simple and modest attire;  
 But the charm she permits to appear,  
 Would set a whole iceberg on fire!  
 She can dance—but she never allows  
 The hugging, the squeeze and caress,  
 She is saving all these for her spouse,  
 My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,  
 And kind to her father and mother;  
 She studies how much she can do  
 For her sweet little sister and brother.  
 If you want a companion for life,  
 To comfort, enliven and bless,  
 She is just the right sort of a wife,  
 My girl with the calico dress.

## BACHELOR'S FARE.

One night my sweetheart came to woo,  
 When I was left and lonely;  
 He looked so kind and handsome, too,  
 I loved him and him only;  
 The village chime told supper time,  
 What could I do, dear misses?  
 For, as I live, I'd nought to give  
 But bread and cheese, and kisses.  
                     But bread and cheese, etc.

He asked my hand with such a grace,  
 What woman could refuse him?  
 I think, had you been in my place,  
 You'd say, "'Twas right to choose him;"  
 I hung my head, and simpering said—  
 What could I say, dear misses?  
 I will be thine, though we should dine  
 On bread, and cheese, and kisses."  
                     On bread and cheese, etc.

Next morning, we exchanged our vows;  
 I prize his golden present,  
 Which seems like magic to disclose  
 Each moment something pleasant.  
 His cheerful smiles each care beguiles;  
 Believe me, dearest misses,  
 'Tis bliss to share with him our fare,  
 Though bread and cheese, and kisses.  
                     Though bread and cheese, etc.

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## THE WEE WIFIE.

There was a wee wifie gaun up in a basket,  
 She was gaun up as high as the moon,  
 Whaur she was gaun, oh never ane asked,  
 And in her hand she carried a broom:

Wee wifie, wee wifie, wee wifie, quo' I,  
 Whaur are ye gaun, ye're mounting sae high!  
 I'm gaun to soop the cobwebs frae the sky;  
 Very well dune, wee wifie, quo' I.

Wee wifie, etc.

## A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

To Miss———

The great love I have hitherto expressed for you is false, and I find my indifference towards you increases daily. The more I see of you, the more you appear in my eyes an object of contempt. I feel myself every way disposed and determined to hate you. Believe me, I never had an intention to offer you my hand. Our last conversation has left a tedious insipidity, which has by no means given me the most exalted idea of your character. Your temper would make me extremely unhappy; and if we are united, I shall experience nothing but the hatred of my parents, added to everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have indeed a heart to bestow, but I do not desire you to imagine it at your service. I could not give it to any one more inconsistent and capricious than yourself, and less capable to do honor to my choice and my family. Yes, Miss, I hope you will be persuaded that I speak sincerely, and you will do me a favor to avoid me. I shall excuse you taking the trouble to answer this. Your letters are always full of impertinence, and you have not a shadow of wit and good sense. Adieu! adieu! believe me so averse to you, that it is impossible for me even to be your most affectionate friend and humble servant.

S——

The reader, after perusing this ingenious little letter, will please read it again, commencing on the first line, and then the third and fifth, and so continue, reading each alternate line to the end

## THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

Stage-struck when a boy, I went to school gaily,  
Didn't care for the birch, though I tasted it daily,  
All school-time I ranted and twirl'd my shillelah,  
And I always was playing the fool.

*Spoken.*—Says my master—

O! dear, what will become of him?

Dear! dear! what will become of him?

O! dear, what will become of him?

He's quite a disgrace to my school.

One day my master called my name out; "Dicky, my boy," said he, "hould up your head, and let me hear you repeat that piece that I told you to learn." Yes, sir, said I, but the fact was, I seldom paid any attention to what he said; so I just gave him what came first, hem! I then commenced, and I bawled out lustily, "Hem! My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills my father feeds his flock"—"He was a man, take him for all in all"—"What said the fool of Hagar's offspring"—"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"—"Give me another horse, bind up my wounds!"—"I do remember an apothecary"—"but no more like my father than I do Hercules"—"Oh! my prophetic soul, my Uncle"—"Of all men else have I avoided thee"—"To be or not to be, that is the question?"—"I'm weary of conjectures, this must end them."

"It shall," quoth my master, with rage his head tossing,

"Is this now a place for to give me your sauce in,

Instead of a horse, now, I'll give you a horsing,"

So he bound me quite fast to a stool.

Says he at every stroke—

O! dear, what will become of him?

Dear! dear! what will become of him?

O! dear, what will become of him?

He's quite a disgrace to my school.

*Spoken.*—After he had flogged me till he was tired—  
"Young man," says he, "as there is not a bit more of the

birch left, I shall not flog you any more at present. "Thank you, sir," says I, "then as I may not have such another chance again, I'll just take the liberty of telling you a bit of my mind." So I seized my shillelah, mounted a form, and held forth thus: "Most potent, grave, and reverend Seignior, my very noble and approved good master"—"That you have wronged me, doth appear in this, you have"—"Disgraced me by a vile blow"—"Had not a dagger done the nobler service"—"I've been your faithful slave too long"—"Slave! I have set my life upon a cast, and I will stand the hazard of the die"—"Richard's himself again"—"I go, who moves one step to follow me, dies upon the spot"—

This said, I march'd out with the air of a Rolla,  
The master jump'd up, and determin'd to follow,  
But I got the start, and I beat him quite hollow,  
And left the old fellow to cool.

*Spoken.*—And as I marched off, I heard him saying—

O! dear, what will become of him?  
Dear! dear! what will become of him?  
O! dear, what will become of him?  
He's quite a disgrace to my school.

---

## THAT'S WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN.

Augustus Don Pedro, a handsome young man,  
Who traveled on shape, I am told,  
Determined to get, if he possibly could,  
A wife who had plenty of gold.  
So, filling his noddle with many a plan,  
By which he the lady could win,  
He hit upon one—which I shortly shall tell,  
And That's where the laugh comes in!

CHORUS: That's where the laugh comes in, ha! ha!  
That's where the laugh comes in!  
'Twas all owing to the Income-tax,  
And That's where the laugh comes in!



He borrowed a watch and a massive gold chain,  
 Rings, studs, and, in fact, all he could,  
 Then sold them for greenbacks, and, shortly, before  
 The Income-Assessor he stood.  
 He handed the money to one of the clerks,  
 Who entered his name with a grin:  
 He thought him a Nabob, and set him down such,  
 And shortly—the laugh comes in! Chorus.

While eagerly scanning the paper, next day,  
 To his great delight, did appear  
 His name, with his income in figures set down  
 At full twenty thousand per year.  
 The plan was successful—he married the girl;  
 And, though he was not worth a pin,  
 His wits got a wife who had plenty for both,  
 And That's where the laugh comes in! Chorus.

The father, enraged at the terrible SELL,  
 Determined the young man to shoot;  
 But, turning the matter again in his mind,  
 Concluded Augustus to BOOT.  
 When calmer he grew, he thought he would do  
 The best that he could for his kin:  
 So he gave them the cash, and they cut quite a dash:  
 And That's where the laugh comes in! Chorus.

## WILLIE'S GANE TO MELVILLE CASTLE.

Oh! Willie's gane to Melville Castle,  
 Boots and spurs an' a',  
 To bid the leddies a' fareweel,  
 Before he gaed awa'.  
 Willie's young and blithe and bonnië,  
 Lov'd by ane an' a';  
 Oh, what will a' the lasses do,  
 When Willie gaes awa'?

The first he met was Lady Kate,  
 She led him thro' the ha',  
 An' wi' a sad and sorry heart,  
 She let the tear doon fa'.  
 Beside the fire stood Lady Grace,  
 Said ne'er a word ava',  
 She thocht that she was sure o' him  
 Before he gaed awa'.

O, ben the house cam' Lady Bell,  
 "Gude troth ye needna craw,  
 May be the lad will fancy me,  
 And disappoint ye a'."  
 Doon the stair tript Lady Jean,  
 The flower amang them a',  
 "O! lasses trust in providence,  
 An' ye'll get husbands a'."

When on his horse he rode awa',  
 They gathered round the door,  
 He gaily waived his bonnet blue,—  
 They set up sic a roar.  
 Their cries, their tears brought Willie back,  
 He kissed them ane an' a',  
 Said, "Lasses bide till I come hame,  
 And then I'll wed ye a'."

### "LO'E ME LITTLE AND LO'E ME LANG."

Awa' wi' your wheezing, your coaxing, and teasing,  
 Your hugging and squeezing I beg you'll let be;  
 Your praising sae fulsome, too sweet to be wholesome,  
 Can never gang down wi' a lassie like me;  
 Nae mair than a woman, nae higher than human,  
 To Sylphs and to Seraphs I dinna belong;  
 Then if ye wad gain me, the way to attain me,  
 Is "Lo'e me little, and lo'e me lang."

Wi' some silly gawkie, your fleeching sae pawkie,  
 Like sweet dozing draughts, will glide cannily down;  
 Hence, seek some vain hizzy, and doze her till dizzy,  
 She'll quickly consent a' your wishes to crown;  
 But pester na me wi't, my heart canna 'gree wi't,  
 I'm sick o' your cuckoo's unvarying sang;  
 Cease, therefore, your canting, your rhyming and ranting,  
 But "Lo'e me little, and lo'e me lang."

The love that lowes strongest, say, lasts it the longest?  
 The fires that bleeze brightest burn soonest awa';  
 \* Then keep your flame steady—a moderate red aye,  
 Or else ye may yet hae a cauld coal to blaw;  
 And quat your romantics, your airs, and your antics,  
 Tak' truth's honest track, and you'll seldom gae wrang;  
 Then win me, and welcome, let weal or let ill come,  
 I'll "Lo'e you little, but lo'e you lang."

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### WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

Oh, smile as thou wert wont to smile,  
 Before the weight of care  
 Had crushed thy heart, and for a while  
 Left only sorrow there.  
 Some thoughts, perchance, 'twere best to quell,  
 Some impulse to forget,  
 On which should memory cease to dwell,  
 We may be happy yet.

Oh, never name departed days,  
 Nor vows you whispered then,  
 Round which too sad a feeling plays,  
 To trust their tones again;  
 Regard their shadows, round thee cast,  
 As if we ne'er had met,  
 And thus, unmindful of the past,  
 We may be happy yet.

## THE BLACK SHEEP.

BY JOHN CARRICK.

AIR—*John Anderson my Jo.*

Oh! John, what can be keeping you—how long man, will ye bide,

Ye surely hae mista'en your road, and dauner't into Clyde;

Here weary by the ingle side, a lanely wife I sit—

I'm sure that's Twa that's chappit noo, and nae word o' ye yet.

Of our John's reformation I lang hae tint a' houp,  
He never thinks o' rising while a drap there's in the stoup:  
Wi' gaunting and wi' gaping, my puir head's like to split—  
I hear his voice upon the stair—and surely that's his fit.

(*John soliloquizing on the stair.*) “That's no our stair—no the ane that I gang up to my nest on—I think it's coming down to meet me—and it's gaun round about too—there's no twa stanes in't like ane anither—some o' them wad haud twa feet, and ithers a sparrow couldna get fittin' on. Weel, gin I were at the head o't, and on the inside o' my ain door, I'll raise a skellihewit wi' Janet, it will I—because, gin I dinna do't wi' her, she'll do't wi' me—an' a man should be aye master in his ain house, right or wrang; it's a' the same whether the parritch is ready or no—on the fire or af't—cauld or het, I maun be het;—if she's pouterin' at the fire, and keeping it in for me, I'll tell her she had nae business staying up—she might hae been aneath the blankets, for she would pouter a while, afore the fire could len' ony light for me to come hame wi';—and if she be in her bed, I'll make her lugs stoun' wi' her carelessness about her half marrow—that he might hae been robbed or murdered for ony care she had o' him, but lying there snoring like a dog in a tod's hole—But there she is—I hear her, can I really be angry wi' her?—Yes; I maun be angry at something.” —(*Chaps*) (*Enquires.*)—“Wha's that?” “Open the door, and ye'll see—it's ill to ken folk through a twa inch plank.” “I would like to ken wha it is, before I open my door to ony body.” “Weel, Janet, you're perfectly right—there's naething like

being cautious." "Is't you, John, after a'? Siccan night as I hae spent, thinking a' the ills on earth had happened to you; whaur hae ye been, John?" "Oh, Janet, dinna be in sic a hurry." "In a hurry, John, near three o'clock in the morning!" "Janet, it's the first time since you and I cam thegither, that I hae seen you wasting ony thing!" "Me wasting, John!—the only thing I'm wasting is mysel'." "Na, Janet, that's no what I mean; what's the use o' burning twa crusies to let ae body see—an' ye might hae lighted half a dizen an'-they a' couldna let me see to come hame?" "John, John, you're seeing wi' mae een than your Maker gied ye this night—your een are just gaun thegither." "I'm no a hair fley'd for that, my doo, Janet, as lang's my nose is atween them." "Ou ay, John, but ye hav'na tell't me whar ye hae been till this time in the morning?" "Did ye ever hear sic a high wind as is blawin' frae the lift this night? The cluds will be blawn a' to rags—there'll no be a hale corner left in them to haud a shouer in, afore the mornin'—no a gas-lamp blinkin' in the Trongate; gin ye get up wi' the ducks in the mornin', Janet, you'll see the Green scattered ower wi' the kye's horns, for they couldna keep their roots in siccan a win'—an' ye'll get them for the gathering." "Ay, John, it's a high wind, but for any thing that I hear, it's blawing nae higher than your ain head; whar was ye?" "Dear me, did I no tell ye, Janet? I'll hae forgotten then; I might hae tell't ye—I'm sure I was nae ill gate—that's a lang an' no vera tenty stair o' ours to come up; I maist missed my fit this night coming up it mair than ance—we'll hae to flit next term I doubt; ye maun gang and look after anither ane the morn, an' I'll gang wi' ye—tw a heads are better than ane, quo' the wife, gaun wi' her dog to the market." "Come, come, John, nane o' your palavers, you needna think to draw the blade ower an auld body's e'e; the stair, John, atweel's nane o' the best, but the stair that would suit you best this night, is ane wi' nae steps in't;—but whar was ye? and wha was ye wi'?" "Janet, ye hae little pity for me; if I should crack ane o' my pins (limbs) ye maybe think because I'm a shaver o' corks, that I can easily mak' a new ane—but, Janet, u' o' curiosity too! woman, it's a dangerous thing to be over

inquisitive—ye mind what the mither o' us a' got by't; besides, 'Gied,' as honest Rabbie Burns says, 'the infant world a shug, maist ruined a'—oh, but it is a pithy word that *shug*! there's no a part of speech in the English tongue like it." "Whaur was ye, John, *whaur*? I doubt ye hae been in ill company, this night—ye never put me aff this way bēfore; will ye no tell me, John!" "Weel, weel, Janet, dinna be sae toutit about it—I was awa' at a burial." "At a burial, John!—what burial could there be at this hour? It could be nae decent body, I'm sure, that had to be huddled awa' at sic an untimous time o' nicht." "Deed, Janet, your richt there; she was a very troublesome kind o' body, and raised muckle discord amang families; we were a' saying, she's weel awa' if she bide." "But wha is she?" "Just our auld frien' ANNIE, and she never cam about the house but *ill weather* was sure to follow; now, I think you may guess." "Ay, puir body!—has she win' awa' at length, puir creature. Annie! Annie!—oh aye, but whan I mind—there's mac Annies than ane—was it Annie Spittle?" "Oh no, it wasna her, poor body!" "Was it Annie Dinwiddie?" "No; that woman's *din* is enough to drive ony man to the *wuddie*." "Weel, John, I ken nae mae o' the name; but I see you're just trying, as usual, to mak' game o' me. Waes me! it's a hard thing to be keepit sae lang out o' my bed to be made a fou man's fool."

Says John, "no ane that ye hae nam'd 's the lassie that I mean—

Ae Annie yet, my dearest doo, ye hae forgotten clean;  
We buried ANI-MOSITY—and trouth I thought it fit,  
That whan we had her in the yird, a skinfu' I should get."

## THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,  
And I seek thee in vain by meadow and stream;  
Oft I breathe thy dear name to the winds floating by,  
But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's love sigh.

In the stillness of night, when the stars mildly shine,  
 My heart fondly holds a communion with thine;  
 For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,  
 That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

Of the birds in thy bower now companions I make,  
 Every simple wild flower do I prize for thy sake;  
 The deep woods and dark wilds now a pleasure impart,  
 For their solitude suits my sad, sorrow-worn heart.

Thou art gone from my gaze, but I will not repine,  
 Ere long we shall meet in a home that's now thine;  
 For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,  
 That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

## JOHN GRUMLIE.

John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon,  
 And the green leaves on the tree,  
 That he could do more work in a day,  
 Than his wife could do in three.  
 His wife rose up in the morning  
 Wi' cares and troubles enow;  
 "John Grumlie bide at hame, John,  
 And I'll go haud the plow.  
     Singing fal de lal ral de lal, fal lal lal lal la,  
 John Grumlie bide at hame John,  
 And I'll go haud the plow.

"First ye maun dress your children fair,  
 And put them a' in their gear;  
 And ye maun turn the malt, John,  
 Or else ye'll spoil the beer.  
 And ye maun reel the tweel, John,  
 That I span yesterday;  
 And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,  
 Else they'll a' lay away."  
     Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.



O, he did dress his children fair,  
 And he put them a' in their gear;  
 But he forgot to turn the malt,  
 And so he spoiled the beer.  
 And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel  
 That his wife span yesterday;  
 But he forgot to put up the hens,  
 And the hens a' laid away.  
 Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;  
 He kirned, nor butter gat;  
 And a' gaed wrang, and naught gaed right,  
 He danced with rage, and grat.  
 Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,  
 Wi' mony a wave and shout—  
 She heard him as she heard him not,  
 And steered the stots about.  
 Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

John Grumlie's wife cam' hame at e'en,  
 And laugh'd as she'd been mad,  
 When she saw the house in siccan a plight,  
 And John sae glum and sad.  
 Quoth he, "I gie up my housewifeskep,  
 I'll be nae mair gudewife."  
 "Indeed," quo' she, "I'm weel content,  
 Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."  
 Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

"The deil be in that," quo' surly John,  
 "I'll do as I've dune before."  
 Wi' that the gudewife took up a stoot rung,  
 And John made off to the door.  
 "Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll haud my tongue,  
 I ken I'm sair to blame,  
 But henceforth I maun mind the plow,  
 And ye maun bide at hame."  
 Singing, fal de lal lal, etc.

## YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,  
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone!  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,  
'Mong bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all!  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—  
"O come you in peace or come you in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal? young Lord Lochinvar!"

I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied:  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!  
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,  
He quaff'd up the wine and he threw down the cup!  
She look'd down to blush, and look'd up to sigh;  
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said the young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,

And the bride-maidens whisper'd, 'Twere better by far  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall door and the charger stood near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light on the saddle before her he sprung!  
"She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby clan;  
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;  
There was racing, and chasing on Cannobie Lea,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have you ere heard of a gallant like young Lochinvar.

## MY LOVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Oh! my love's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
Oh! my love's like the melody  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I—  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my love,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

## THE COAT OF OTHER DAYS.

The coat of other days is faded, and all its beauty's past,  
My friends no longer look as they did, but like it are fading  
fast.

When first I sported it, a new one, its buttons threw Sol's rays,  
But now, no longer 'tis a new one—the coat of other days.

The cuffs and collar now are greasy, not a bit of nap is there;  
'Twas tight, but now it fits me easy, as a cheap fit at Rag Fair,  
The very velvet on the collar, is now all grease and frays;  
And the boys, as I pass by them, hallo—"There's a coat of  
other days!"

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## I NEVER SAYS NOTHING TO NOBODY.

What a shocking world this for scandal!

The people get worse every day,  
Everything serves for a handle  
To take folk's good name away.  
In backbiting vile, each so labors,  
The sad faults of others to show body;  
I could tell enough of my neighbors,  
But I never says nothing to nobody.

'Tis a snug little house I reside in,  
And the people who're living next door  
Are smother'd completely such pride in  
As I never met with before.  
But outside of doors they don't roam,  
A large sum of money they owe body,  
Folk call but can't find them at home,  
I never says nothing to nobody.

The butcher so greasy and fat,  
When out he does nothing but boast,  
Struts as he puts on his hat,  
As if he supreme ruled the roast.

Talks of his wealth and his riches,  
 Consequence always does show body;  
 His ugly old wife wears the breeches,  
 But I never says nothing to no body.

The baker lives quite in great style,  
 His wife is, oh, Lord! such a fright;  
 New dresses she's got a great pile,  
 They sleep out of town every night.  
 Country cottage completely in state,  
 Determin'd not to be a low body;  
 He's been pull'd up three times for short weight,  
 But I never says nothing to nobody.

A deep cultured parson of fame,  
 I see very often go by;  
 His heart is fill'd full of love's flame,  
 He visits a girl on the sly;  
 Although this daily I see,  
 And surely he's but a so-so body,  
 Of course, as 'tis nothing to me,  
 I never says nothing to nobody.

I could tell, if I lik'd such a tale,  
 Of neighbors all round, great and small;  
 That surely I think without fail,  
 Would really astonish ye all.  
 But here now my short ditty ends,  
 I don't want to hurt high or low body;  
 I wish to keep in with my friends,  
 So I never says nothing to no body.

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### HAVE YOU SEEN MY SISTER?

Say, my lovely friends, have you any pity  
 At your finger-ends? then listen to my ditty.  
 Our Kate has gone away, last Thursday night we miss'd her;  
 Good people do not smile,—say, have you seen my sister?

If you have her seen, I hope you will advise her  
 To return to me, or I must advertise her;  
 Her waist is very thick, her stays give her a twister,  
 Now tell me b'hoys and g'hals, have you seen my sister?

She squints with both her eyes, in a manner very shocking,  
 She's got a mouth for pies, and wears no shoes or stockings;  
 I'm afraid she's gone astray, and some chap did enlist her,  
 I'm afraid she's gone for good; say, have you seen my sister?

She wants her two front teeth, you'd see it when she'd titter,  
 She's got such little feet, Victoria's shoes won't fit her!  
 She wears no cap at all, but a great big chignon blister,  
 Now tell me once for all, have you seen my sister?

Her figure's straight and tall, her conduct's very proper;  
 She's well provided, for she's eighteen pence in copper.  
 Now if you have her seen, you never could forget her,  
 For she's very much like me, now, have you seen my sister?

Her mouth is very small, her nose is straight and natty,  
 I tell you once for all, this girl is very pretty.  
 Now I'll sing you another song, and it shall be a twister,  
 If you will go with me, and help me find my sister.

#### PARODY ON

### JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The deil has fa'n doun frae the tap o' Ben Lomond,  
 And broke his thigh bane on a great muckle stane,  
 When by cam' an auld woman just in the gloamin'  
 And carried him hame to her house in Dumblane.  
 She tried him wi' physic, wi' blisters, and plaisters,  
 And a' that she could do was only in vain—  
 She tried him wi' physic, wi' blisters, and plaisters,  
 And grat when she thought he was very near gane.  
 She grat when she thought it; she grat when she thought it;  
 She grat when she thought he was very near gane.

## I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember how my childhood fled by,  
The mirth of its December, and the warmth of its July.  
On my brow, love, on my brow, love, there are no signs of care,  
But my pleasures are not now, love, what childhood's pleasures  
were. I remember, etc.

Then the bowers, then the bowers, were as blithe as blithe could  
And all their radiant flowers were coronals for me. [be,  
Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love, are gleaming in my  
hair:

But they are not half so bright, love, as childhood's roses were.  
I remember, etc.

I was merry, I was merry, when my little lovers came  
With a lily or a cherry, or a new invented game;  
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love, to kneel before me there;  
But you know you're not so true, love, as childhood's lovers  
were. I remember, etc.

## THE WATER DRINKER.

A bonnet-laird in the vicinity of Glasgow, who was given to indulge too freely in ardent spirits, came at last to the resblution of eschewing the evil, by becoming a member of the Temperance Society. With this purpose he went to Glasgow, and inquired of a friend where he should enrol his name. "I'm just resolved," he said, "to drap the whisky a' thegither, and tak naething stronger than water." The friend, who was a wag, informed him that there were several Temperance Societies in town, but the chief one, and the one he would advise him to enter, was *The Glasgow Water Company*. Being directed to the office of that Company, the following dialogue took place:

"I wish, gentlemen, to become a member of your society."

"You wish to take a share in our company?"

"Deed, do I, sirs; for I think there's naething like water after a'."



"To be sure, it is essential to life. The gentleman who disposes of shares will be here presently if you can wait."

"Oh, I can wait brawly. And is there mony now in Glasgow friendly to your society?"

"Why, we have to fight against a good deal of opposition, as you may have heard."

"That's a pity. It wad save mony a sair head and sair heart if the folk o' the town were a' o' your mind."

"Yes, but that is scarcely to be looked for."

"Na, na—sae lang as puir human nature is what it is. But tell me, gentlemen, in real earnest, does none o' ye ever taste whisky?"

(A laugh.) "Why, there's no denying we may take a glass like our neighbors at times."

"Ay, I jaloused as much from your looks. And were ye just desperately gi'en to the dram before you cam' here?"

"What do do you mean, you old quiz?—There comes the gentleman with whom you have to deal."

"Weel, sir, I was wanting to enrol myself in your company."

"You wish a share, sir? The price per share is £85 at present."

"Eighty-five pounds for entering a water society! D'ye tak' me for an idiot?"

"It is not a farthing lower, and has not been this twelve-month."

"Gae wa'—gae wa', sir! Eighty-five pounds for drinking water! If that's the case, I'll stick by the speerit trade yet."

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## HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES.

Here's a health to all good lasses,  
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,  
Let the bumper toast go round.  
May they live a life of pleasure,  
Without mixture, without measure,  
For with them true joys are found.

## POP GOES THE QUESTION.

Matrimony is a nut for every man's digestion;  
 When the shell is fairly cracked, Pop! goes the question.  
 Pretty girls will sigh and blush—simper all they can, sir,  
 Till, from out their pouting lips, Pop! goes the answer.  
 Cupid fans the holy flame, rankest kind of arson:  
 When it gains a certain height, Pop! goes the Parson.  
 When a year has shown its tail, round the corner, may be,  
 Out upon the wicked world, Pop! goes a baby.  
 Madame lets her husband swear, she must be the whipper:  
 And about the youngster's heels, Pop! goes the slipper.  
 Bachelor who lives next door, bears it for a season;  
 But before the year is out, Pop! goes his reason.  
 Maiden lady, up the stairs, stamps each moment faster,  
 Till, from off the wall beneath, Pop goes the plaster.  
 Dirty, ragged little boy, beneath the window lingers,  
 Thumb applied unto his nose—Pop! goes the fingers.  
 All around the neighborhood, such antics are enacted:  
 And, while mamma is scolding him, POP goes distracted.

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## ONE THING AND THE OTHER.

Last year I was one and twenty, and having entered life,  
 My mother said it was time I had myself a wife.  
 But how to go I didn't know about any such a bother;  
 For just then I'd no idea about one thing or the other.

*Chorus.*

There was a lady lived close by, I thought she would suit me  
 best;  
 So to her house I went—quite spicy I was dressed.  
 I whistled three times three, when down comes her mother;  
 Says she, "what do you want?" Says I, "one thing or the  
 other."

*Chorus.*

I walked into the parlor, sat down by the lady's side;  
 Says I, "you are my darling, and you shall be my bride."  
 First she'd whimper, then she'd simper, her feelings try to  
 smother;  
 And there we sat and looked at one thing or the other.

*Chorus.*

We were married in three weeks, and every thing went right;  
 But we felt kind of funny, when left alone at night.  
 She'd cock her eye and look so sly, her feelings try to smother;  
 And we'd a mighty queer time, about one thing and the other.

*Chorus.*

But troubles never end, and time flies swiftly on;  
 One day a friend says to me, "Arrah, Mike! you've got a son."  
 "It aint," says I, "it is," says he, "its a daughter," says another,  
 "Well, what's the difference," says I, "as long as it's one thing  
 or the other."

*Chorus.*

Some folks are never satisfied, but grumble at their state;  
 But should she bring me ten times ten, I cannot help my fate.  
 Increase, say I, and multiply, and help one another;  
 And now I hope you're satisfied with one thing and the other.

*Chorus.*

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## THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Summer moonbeams, softly playing,  
 Light the woods of castle keep;  
 And there I see a maiden straying,  
 Where the dark'ing shadows creep.  
 She is list'ning, meekly, purely,  
 To the wooer at her side;  
 'Tis the "old, old story," surely,  
 Running on like time and tide.  
 Maiden fair, oh! have a care;  
 Vows are many—truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple,  
 Lordly doublet speaks his lot;  
 She is wearing hood and wimple—  
 His the castle, hers the cot.  
 Sweeter far she deems his whisper,  
 Than the night-bird's duleet thrill;  
 She is smiling, he beguiling;  
 'Tis the "old, old story," still.  
 Maiden fair, oh! have a care;  
 Vows are many—truth is rare.

The autumn sun is quickly going  
 Behind the woods of castle keep,  
 The air is chill, the night winds blowing,  
 And there I see a maiden weep.  
 Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching,  
 The "old, old story," sad and brief,  
 Of heart betray'd, and left nigh breaking,  
 In mute despair and lonely grief.  
 Maiden fair, oh! have a care;  
 Vows are many—truth is rare.

---

### IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business if a gentleman should choose  
 To wait upon a lady, if the lady don't refuse?  
 Or, to speak a little plainer, that the meaning-all may know,  
 Is it anybody's business if a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business, when that gentleman does call?  
 Or when he leaves the lady? or if he leaves at all?  
 Or is it necessary that the curtain should be drawn,  
 To save from further trouble the outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business but the lady's, if her beau  
 Rides out with other ladies, and doesn't let her know?  
 Is it anybody's business but the gentleman's, if she  
 Should another accept escort, where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the sidewalk, whether great or whether small,  
Is it anybody's business where that person means to call?  
Or if you see a person, while he's calling anywhere,  
Is it any of your business what his business may be there?

The substance of our query, simply stated would be this:  
Is it anybody's business what another's business is?  
Whether 'tis or whether 't isn't we would really like to know;  
For, we're certain if it isn't, there are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble, and act the noble part  
Of the tattlers and defamers who throng the public mart;  
But if not, we'll act the teacher, until each meddler learns,  
It were better in the future to mind his own concerns.

## I COULD NEVER CRY FOR LAUGHING.

Luck in life, or good or bad,  
Ne'er could make me melancholy,  
Seldom rich, yet never sad,  
Sometimes poor, but always jolly;  
Fortune in my scale, that's poz,  
Of mischance put more than half in,  
Yet I don't know how it was,  
I could never cry for laughing.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
I could never cry for laughing.

Monstrous grave are men of law,  
(Law knows no end while once beginning,)  
Yet those dons I never saw;  
But their wings would set me grinning,  
Once when I was very ill,  
Seven doctors came—such quizzes!  
Zooks! I thought they would me kill,  
With laughing at their comic phizzes!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
With laughing at their comic phizzes!

After that, in love I fell,  
 (Love creates a deal of trouble,)  
 But my courtship, strange to tell,  
 Only made my mirth redouble;  
 I laughed—she frowned—I laughed again,  
 Till I brought her to the tether,  
 Then she smiled—we wed—since then  
 We mean to laugh through life together.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 We mean to laugh through life together.

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## HEIGH! HO!

Tell me, Maiden, tell me truly,  
 Hast thou lost thy heart or no?  
 In the charming month of July  
 Hearts will go a-wandering so;  
     Is it so,  
     Ay or no?  
 Hearts will go—with a—heigh! ho!

Dew bespangles mead and mountain,  
 Sunbeams kiss and flowerets blow;  
 By the shady fell and fountain  
 Lovers will a-wooing go;  
     Is it so,  
     Ay or no?  
 Hearts will go—with a—heigh! ho!

Ope thine eyes, and spare thy roses,  
 Thus outblushing Nature so;  
 Love is still, and ne'er discloses  
 What the July gloamings know;  
     Is it so,  
     Ay or no?  
 Hearts will go—with a—heigh! ho!

## THE "LAIRD O' LUGGIEHEAD" ON MARRIAGE.

He's nae man ava that's no in love ance i' his life, either in the ca'f, rational, or dotified state. But it's no that that I gang mad at; it's the vapping they mak about it—the fiddlin' an' dancin', an' the loupin' the winnocks at nicht—setting trysts to meet on the Hollows road the tae nicht, atween the Mill-dykes the neist—*my dearing*, an' *lambing*, an' *my seraphing*—keekin' frae' neath plaids an' mantles when a body gaes by, like as mony chickens frae' neath the wings o' a hen—makin' set dances an' galravaging awa' ilka Saturday for cruds and cream, sour ploods an' grossets—vowing eternal love—and then, after they hae ruined them, haudin' up their hands an' swearin' by a' that's gude, that they ken naething about them! That's what I fin' fau't wi'. Awfu' wark that, Mr. Meek; stealing a horse is naething to that—imputing to my young frein' ony thing that's no decent. But wha', Mr. Meek, can bear an' witness sie iniquity, an' no be baith vexed an' angry? Puir women bodies led to ruin by a wheen dreaming, vapping young scoonrels, is enèuch to sink the kintra as laigh as Sodom and Gommorrah. Gae 'wa wi' your ca'f love, Mr. Chalmers, it's a feast an' a famine—a month o' joy an' a lifetime o' misery. Wait till your feathers are a' oot, afore ye rin to the arms o' matrimony. It's no a kiss an' a clap, an' a rug an' a rive, that's to pay after yer married, lad! It's whar's the meal to come frae, an' the peats, an' the bits o' duds, an' the rent, an' the ilka thing belonging to a hoose. It's hoo yer to pay your debt, lad—keep the croon o' the cawsie, an' preserve your integrity frae scandal. Folk's unco gude when we're awn them onything. Do as I did, sir—no praising mysel' the mair I say't—wait till yer banes are hardened, till yer beard taks a grip o' the razor, till yer purse can stan' it's lane, an' a body can step into yer diniug-room, an' count mair in't than twa marrowless chairs. I was seven-an'-twenty year aul' afore I ventured oot amang them, as the saying is. By that time I had galore—a weel-stowed house, an' claes o' a' dimensions, forby a trifle i' the bank to keep a' straught on a rainy day; an' being thus



provided for, I thought it nae sin to mak some decent quean the better o' me. Sae, sir, juist cannily leuket aboot me for twa-three days, an' waled oot ane to my mind—an' that had clever haun's, an' a trick for carefu'ness—an' no lang aboot it aithers. Leezy Haldine o' Cornhapper was my choice; I sent her a bit note—nae doot in the best style I was able—telling her that I wanted a wife an' that I fixed upon her, an' that if she liket to tak me, gude an' weel; if no, there was nae ill dune. I juist gied her aucht days to think on't—rowth o' time in a' conscience, Mr. Meek, to wheeffle. I like aye to see folk clever about their bizness. She took me at my word, an' blithe the body was, nae doot, to get the offer. Our names were gi'en in to the session-clerk, an' in less than three weeks I had her on ahint me at the full gallop, and into the Cross Keys like a lintie! But nae mair aboot it; let the wab rin to the wab's end. Here's a hale skin, an' a way o' doing, an' honor an' honesty forever.

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## AS THE AULD COCK CRAWLS.

As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns,  
 Aye tak ye care what ye do afore bairns;  
 Their heads are muckle, though their limbs are wee,  
 An' O! the wee totts are gleg in the e'e:  
 Then dinna fricht your laddie wi' the 'black boo' man,  
 But let him douk his lugs in his wee parritch pan;  
 Lay ye his rosy cheek upon your mou' a wee,  
 How the rogue will laugh when his minny's in his e'e.

As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns,  
 Aye tak ye care what ye do afore bairns:  
 Though vice may be muckle, and virtue may be wee,  
 Yet a sma' speck o' light will woo the dullest e'e:  
 Then dinna fright us a' wi' the muckle black deil,  
 Show us mercy's bonnie face, an' teach us to feel;  
 Though we think like men, we should feel like bairns,—  
 As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns.

# YOU SHOULDN'T BUY TRIPE ON FRIDAY.

## RECITATIVE.

I've often heard my poor old Granny say,  
That Friday was a most unlucky day!  
And as a proof old Granny wasn't wrong,  
O listen, listen to my doleful song.

## AIR.

Old Mrs. Snipe was fond of tripe,  
Sure no poor soul was thinner;  
In Sunday clothes to market-goes,  
On Friday for a dinner.  
But as she went along the road,  
She met with neighbor Tidy,  
He heard her errand—lackaday!  
And unto her those words did say,  
“You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!”

But on she went—the tripe she bought,  
Though she was in a shiver;  
She got a large piece for a groat,  
Besides a hap'orth of liver.  
As she return'd, a large dog lay  
With open mouth so wide, he  
Snatch'd her liver, and ran away,  
And barking thus, he seem'd to say,  
“You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!”

Then home she went, with sorrow flat,  
Such luck she'd ne'er before met;  
And then she saw her tabby cat,  
Sat mewing at the door mat.  
“Ah, puss!” she cries, “I can't be gay,  
This seems to be a wry day;  
But puss she mew'd, and round did play,  
And thus to her she seem'd to say,  
“You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday!”

But still she thought her tripe to eat,  
 So laid it on the dresser,  
 But pussy got it down so neat,  
 And soon she made it lesser.  
 A large piece stuck, sirs, by the way,  
 Which choked her neat and tidy;  
 She kick'd and sprawl'd, and down she lay,  
 And as she died, she seem'd to say,  
 "You shouldn't buy tripe on a Friday."

---

## DOCTOR MAGEE.

BY WILLIAM MURDOCK.

TUNE—*Widow Machree.*

My heart it is broken, and never will mend,  
 O! dear Doctor Magee,  
 For death has just throttled my very best friend—  
 My dear, dear Doctor Magee;  
 He was borne to his tomb  
 Amidst sorrow and gloom,  
 And his neat carpet room  
 Is now woeful to me;  
 E'en the pig in the sty,  
 Wears a tear in its eye,  
 For dear, dear Doctor Magee.

The mugs and the bottles he loved so to deck,  
 O! dear Doctor Magee,  
 With his drugs and his potions, are going to wreck,  
 My dear, dear Doctor Magee;  
 All his lances and saws,  
 His nic-nacks and gew-gaws,  
 Like an onion each draws  
 The big tear to my e'e;  
 And the goose, though half blind,  
 Brings him aye to my mind,  
 My dear, dear Doctor Magee.

Had he died of the cholera, fever, or pocks,  
 O! dear Doctor Magee;  
 I would not, just now, have been tearing my locks  
 For dear, dear Doctor Magee;  
 But my heart, O be still!  
 The great cause of his ill,  
 Was—he swallowed a pill  
 \* Of his own cookery!  
 And now he is dead,  
 And the turf's o'er his head,  
 My dear, dear Doctor Magee.

---

### DAT GETS AHEAD OF ME.

As subjects now are getting scarce, to sing or write upon,  
 And authors puzzled what to do, to cause a little fun;  
 My song shall be about the times, as all of you can see:  
 The way that humbug's swallowed now, dat gets ahead of me.

#### CHORUS.

Yah, yah, yah, I can't help laughing,  
 When I look around and see  
 De way dat humbug's swallowed now—  
 Dat gets ahead of me.

How is it that banks suspend and break, and cause such awful  
 De President's allowed to take and speculate the dimes? [times—  
 How is it nothing's said or done, and pious folks set free,  
 Den go to Europe for dar health?—dat gets ahead of me.  
 Yah, yah, etc.

How is it that de working men, with brawny arms so strong,  
 Decline to labor as of yore, but thinks that ten hours long  
 Are more than they should stand to?—the reason seems to be  
 They want more pay for lesser work—dat gets ahead of me.  
 Yah, yah, etc.

Why is it poor folks now-a-days, if any deed they've done,  
Are nabbed up quickly, sent below, and, two to one, are hung?—  
Why is it if they've got the 'cash, de jury won't agree,  
But bring a murderer in insane?—dat gets ahead of me.

Yah, yah, etc.

How is it so much time is spent by Congress members now,  
In quarrels, fights, and long debates, with one continual row?  
Why don't they hold their noisy tongues, if they want things  
so to be?

Why can't de people's votes decide?—dat gets ahead of me.

Yah, yah, etc.

Why is it ladies all for show, go deep in husband's books—  
Wear silks and satins loaded down, with such tremendous  
How is it dandies cut a swell in big society, [hoops?  
And owe such awful tailors' bills?—dat gets ahead of me.

Yah, yah, etc.

## HIGHLAND CREDIT.

After the battle of Preston, two Highlanders, in roaming through the south of Mid-Lothian, entered the farm-house of Swanston, near the Pentland hills, where they found no one at home but an old woman. They immediately proceeded to search the house, and soon finding a web of coarse, home-spun cloth, made no scruple to unroll, and cut off as much as they thought would make a coat to each. The woman was exceedingly incensed at their rapacity—roared and cried, and even invoked the divine vengeance upon their heads—"Ye villains!" she cried, "ye'll hae to account for this yet!" "And whan will we pe account for't?" asked one of the Highlanders. "At the last day, 'ye blackguards!" exclaimed the woman. "Ta last day," replied the Highlander, "tat pe cood lang credit—she'll pe gaun ta tukit a coat, but faith she'll pe tukit a waist,

But now sin' my Donal a-wooing has gane,  
 To muckle Meg Dhu o' Loch-sloy;  
 She's blin' o' an' e'e, an' her mouth stan's a-jee,  
 An' a hump on her shouther like buoy.

Deed has she, poor creature! She has a hump on her shouther,  
 like ta ship's buoy; but never mind, Donal, shust got ta money,  
 a great daud o' grund to buy, though she's as ugly as ta *foul*  
*tief*.

Now she'll pray, an' she'll wish tat weel she may be,  
 Since Donal ta wifes now has got;  
 Although she's no beauty, she can do her duty,  
 An' Donal's content wi' his lot!  
 Deed is he, good lad!  
 And Donal's content wi' his lot:

## PADDY'S WEDDING.

Oh, wont you hear, what rousing cheer  
 Was spread at Paddy's wedding, oh!  
 And how so gay we spent the day,  
 From the church unto the bedding, oh.  
 First, book in hand, came Father Quipes,  
 And bride's da-da, the bailey, oh!  
 While all the time those merry pipes  
 Struck up that lilt, so gaily, oh!  
 Diddle um da, etc.

Oh, there was Matt, and sturdy Pat,  
 And merry Morgan Murphy, oh!  
 And Murdock Meigs, and Skirlock Creigs,  
 McLaughlin and Dick Durphy, oh!  
 And there were the girls, all dressed in white,  
 Led on by Teddy O'Riley, oh!  
 While all the time those merry pipes  
 Kept up that lilt, so gaily, oh!  
 Diddle um da, etc.

When Pat was asked, would his love last,  
 The church echoed with laughter, oh!"  
 "By my soul!" says Pat, "you may well say that,  
 To the end of the world, and after, oh!  
 And then so tenderly her hand he gripes,  
 And kissed her, so genteely, oh!  
 While all the time those merry pipes  
 Kept up that lilt, so gaily, oh!  
 Diddle um da, etc.

Oh, such a set was never met,  
 So frolicsome and so frisky, oh!  
 Potatoes galore, a scirrig or more,  
 And floating mather of whisky, oh!  
 Then round the room went all the swipes,  
 At the bride's expense, so freely, oh!  
 While all the time those merry pipes  
 Kept up that lilt, so gaily, oh!  
 Diddle um da, etc.

And then at night, oh! what delight,  
 To see them capering and prancing, oh!  
 Sure, an opera ball was nothing at all,  
 Compared with their style of dancing, oh!  
 In came the girls all dressed in white,  
 Led on by Mrs. O'Reilly, oh!  
 While all the time those merry pipes  
 Kept up lilt, so gaily, oh!  
 Diddle um da, etc.

And then the lot so tipsy got,  
 They'd go to sleep without rocking, oh!  
 The bridemaids fair now gravely prepare  
 For throwing off the stocking, oh!  
 Then round the room went all the swipes,  
 That their joys might be nightly and daily, oh!  
 While all the time those blasted pipes  
 Kept up their screeching, gaily, oh!  
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 Diddle um da, etc.

# "I CANNA BE FASHED"

BY EDWARD POLIN.

The deil's in the hizzies,  
 Thae lassies o' mine!—  
 Though there's a' things to do,  
 Baith the rough wark an' fine;  
 Though the breid's a' to bake,  
 An the claes maun be washed,  
 There they'll sit an' they'll tell me  
 They "canna be fashed!"

Was ever the like o't?—  
 Sic gentle affairs!  
 Na! the jauds are gane gyte  
 Wi' their brows an' their airs;  
 My certes! I think  
 Wi' the tangs I'd be smashed,  
 Gin I said to my mither,  
 "I canna be fashed!"

But noo the bit lassocks  
 Ha'e grown sae genteel,  
 Wi' their books an' pianos  
 For seams an' the wheel;  
 Gin ye ask them to help ye,  
 Just hear hoo your snashed—  
 "Deed mither I tell you  
 I canna be fashed!"

An' then there's sic wiling  
 For phrases sae fine,  
 That they're a' liker leddies  
 Than dochters o' mine;  
 But sune whan at hame  
 A' sic clavers are quashed,  
 For Scotch-like they'll tell me  
 They "canna be fashed!"

Wi' their veils an' their earrings,  
 An' boas—keep me!  
 The pride o' thae lassies  
 It's awfu' to see.  
 Mak' them leddies indeed!  
 Na, their chaffs should be clashed,  
 When they offer to tell me  
 They "canna be fashed!"

But bide ye awae  
 Till the tawpies get men,  
 An' maun e'en gang their wa's  
 To their ain butt an' ben,—  
 An' ha'e bairnies wha greet,  
 Till they're baith fed an' washed,  
 We'll see gin they'll cry then  
 They "canna be fashed!"

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## IRISH SPITE.

Two Irish laborers went into a saloon one day to have a dhrop o' whisky; but unfortunately they had been on the ramble for a day or two previous, and, consequently, were without a dime in their pockets. Their only plan, then, was to get *tick*. One of them—a very honest, outspoken fellow, thus addressed the landlord: "Mr. Donnelly, will you trust me a noggin till the pay night?" "Troth and I won't," was the reply. "Well," says Pat, "will you trust this man here, and I'll come caution for him?" "I'll neither trust you nor that man," replied Mr. Donnelly. "You wont," says Pat, throwing of his jacket and flourishing his fists—"You wont! man alive! come out o' this till I give ye a right good"—"Dont throw off your coat, boy," said the landlord, very coolly; "you know very well I can lick you." "Well," says Pat, "look at this now: do you see that shop over there on the tither side of the street?—just to spite ye, on Saturday night when I get my wages, I'll go over to that whisky shop and spend every haporth of my money and divil the rap I'll take home to the wife!"

# THE DAINTY BIT PLAN.

AIR—*Brose and Butter.*

Our May had an e'e to a man,  
 Nae less than the newly-placed Preecher;  
 And we plotted a dainty bit plan  
 For trapping our spiritual teacher.  
 O, we were sly, sly! O, we were sly and sleekit,  
 But ne'er say a herring is dry until it be reestit and reekit.

We treated young Mr. McGock,  
 We plied him wi' tea and wi' toddy;  
 And we praised every word that he spoke,  
 Till we put him maist out o' the body.  
 O, we were sly, sly, etc.

And then we grew a' unco guid—  
 Made lang faces aye in due season;  
 When to feed us wi' spiritual fuid,  
 Young Mr. McGock took occasion.  
 O, we were sly, sly, etc.

Frae the kirk we were never awa',  
 Except when frae hame he was helping;  
 And then May, and often us a',  
 Gaed far and near after him skelping.  
 O, we were sly, sly, etc.

We said aye, which our neighbors thought droll,  
 That to hear him gang through wi' a sermon,  
 Was, though a wee dry on the whole,  
 As refreshing as dews on Mount Hermon.  
 O, we were sly, sly, etc.

But to come to the heart o' the nit—  
 The dainty bit plan that we plotted  
 Was to get a subscription afit,  
 And a *watch* to the minister voted.  
 O, we were sly, sly, etc.

The young women folk o' the kirk,  
 By turns lent a hand in collecting;

But May took the feck o' the wark,  
 And the trouble the rest o' directing  
 O, we were sly, sly, etc.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,  
 And May, wi' sma' priggings, consentit  
 To be ane o' a party o' five  
 To gang to the Manse and present it.  
 O, we were sly, sly, etc.

We a' gied a word o' advice  
 To May in deep consùltation,  
 To hae something to say unco nice,  
 And to speak for the hale deputation.  
 O, we were sly, sly, etc.

Taking present and speech baith in hand,  
 May delivered a bonny palaver,  
 To let Mr. McGock understand  
 How zealous she was in his favor.  
 O, we were sly, sly, etc.

She said that the gift was to prove  
 That his female friends valued him highly,  
 But it couldna express a' their love;  
 And she glinted her e'e at him slyly.  
 O, we were sly, sly, etc.

He put the gold watch in his fab,  
 And proudly he said he would wear it;  
 And, after some flattering gab,  
 Tauld May he was gaun to be marryit.  
 O, we were sly, sly! O, we were sly and sleekit!  
 But Mr. McGock was nae gowk wi' our dainty bit plan to  
 be cleekit.

May cam' hame wi' her heart at her mouth,  
 And became frae that hour a Dissenter;  
 And now she's renewing her youth,  
 Wi' some hopes o' the Burgher precentor.  
 O, but she's sly, sly! O, but she's sly and sleekit!  
 And cleverly opens ae door as soon as anither ane's steekit

## PAT MULLIGAN'S COURTSHIP.

'Tis our duty to love both our father and mother,  
 Give up talking nonsense, and all sorts of bother,  
 But greater by far is the duty to smother

Our love when beginning to ail:

O dear! dear! what can the matter be!  
 Och botheration now, what can the matter be,  
 Thunder and turf! why, what can the matter be?

How Cupid my poor heart doth flail!

"Och, Judy, but you have kilt me now, I can nather ate, sup, sleep, nor drink, for thinking ov ye. Ye've made a hole in my heart like a bung-hole, for which I hope you will live to repint and be forgiven. Bad cess to me! if the people arn't beginnin' to think, that I am the livin' atomy, aich of us, both saw at Donnybrook Fair, an' if my flesh, an' bones, an' blood, dhrop of me longer, they'll be in earth's keeping afore my own eyes. Living, you must be mine, and if I die, I shall lay my death agin ye every night till I bring you to your senses, you murthering jewel!"

Then I search'd all around for a sweetheart less cruel,  
 In the hope she would make me forget my first jewel;  
 This only was adding fresh fire to the fuel,

And making more trouble and wail.

"It is all over with you now, Paddy," says I, "so bfore the breath laves yer body, you had better consult your own clargy, Father Murphy, and get a mouthful of ghostly consolation to die with. Father, says I to him, I am going to die." "Then you're a great big fool," says he. "What puts that into your head, my son?" "Judy has kilt me," says I, "and it's of no use livin' any longer." "Paddy, my son," says he, "you ought to know that this world on which you are placed, is just like a potful of praties—ye are all sent here to jumble, and tumble, and bubble, and roar, and the man that remains longest in the pot of affliction without his skin breakin' intirely—that man, you may dipind on't, is the true potatoe." "Arrah father," says I, "it's not that at all, it's Judy."



Then dear! dear! what can the matter be!  
 Och botheration now, what can the matter be,  
 Pewter and pots! why what can the matter be?  
     Cupid, my poor heart doth flail.  
 So finding no peace, I determined to marry,  
 Get Judy's consent, and no longer to tarry,  
 'Tis the road all must go, though a few will miscarry,  
     As onward through life they do sail.

"Judy," says I, "will you have me iver and always and amin?" "Well Pat, an' suppose I were, should I be any the worse for't?" "Troth an' myself often wondered that you were niver axin' me." "Is't your own self that I'm hearin' spakin'—beauty an' blessing on every tether linth o' ye, Judy?" "It's not in the nature of woman to refuse ye, Pat Mulligan," says she. "Then it's done in the closing of an eye-cover," says I, "and next Sunday, Father Murphy, took us before him, and repeated the last binding words, that we should be one in sowl, body, an' nature, seed, breed, an' generation for ever, and I never ripinted; and I would advise all love-sick swains, just to ax their sweethearts, and maybe they'll answer like my own Judy, it's not in the nature of woman to refuse ye."

Well! well! now nought can the matter be,  
 Honey, and sugar now, nought can the matter be,  
 Pigs and praties since nought can the matter be,  
     Paddy no longer need wail.

## NERVOUS FAMILY.

*AIR—We're All Noddin'.*

We're all nervous, shake, shake, trembling,  
 We're all nervous at our house in town,  
 Myself, and my wife, my sister, and my mother,  
 If left in the dark are all frighten'd at each other;  
 Our dog runs away if a stranger's in the house,  
 And our great tabby cat too is frighten'd at a mouse.  
     And we're all nervous, etc.

My nervous wife can't work at her needle,  
 And my shaking hand spills half my cup of tea;  
 When wine at her dinner my timid sister's taking,  
 Its spilt on the table for so her hand is shaking;  
 My mother taking snuff very carefully doth try,  
 To pop it up her nose, but she pops it in her eye.  
 For she is so nervous, etc.

We all at dinner shake, shake at carving,  
 And as for snuffing, we oft snuff out the light;  
 Last night every one did to snuff the candle try,  
 But my wife couldn't do it, nor my sister, nor could I.  
 Come, give me the snuffers, said my mother with a flout,  
 I'll show you how to do it, and she did, and snuff'd it out.  
 For she is nervous, etc.

Our nerves foretell all the changes of the weather,  
 We're so nervous we're frighten'd at each noise;  
 We've got a watchman to guard the private door;  
 But since we have had him we've been frighten'd more and  
 For he falls asleep, and we've found out too that he, [more;  
 In respect to his nerves, O, he's quite as bad as we,  
 For the watchman's nervous, etc.

The mania's spreading through the house like wild-fire,  
 And all the servants in fear walk about  
 As if they'd the ague or some other sort of ill;  
 They won't move about, though they cannot stand still,  
 Nor answer the door to a knock if late at night,  
 For fear that a robber should kill them all with fright.  
 For we're all nervous, etc.

If you, like us, are any way nervous,  
 I hope you won't laugh but will pity our sad case;  
 Nervous cordials we have taken, and every kind of pills,  
 And our money all goes now in paying doctor's bills.  
 Still we take their advice, and their stuff, and keep a nurse,  
 But instead of getting better, O, we all get worse and worse.  
 And we're all nervous, etc.

## PARODY ON LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A weaver, unto Paisley bound,  
 Cries, "Coachman, coachman, tarry,  
 And I will gi'e you eighteenpence,  
 Me on the road to carry."

"Now wha be ye the road wad pass,  
 This dreadfu' snawy weather?"  
 "Oh, I'm a weaver frae the Shaws—  
 My wab is on my shouter."

"And fast ahint your coach I've ran,  
 Twa miles and mair thegither,  
 And if ye dinna tak me on,  
 The snaw will soon me smother."

Outspake the hardy coachman then—  
 "Get ye upon the dicky;  
 It isna for your eighteenpence,  
 But out o' love I tak ye;

"And by my word, my weaver lad,  
 In faith we maunna tarry;  
 For see, the snaw is very deep—  
 I'll drive, and that wi' fury."

By this the snaw storm did increase,  
 The leddies they were shriekin';  
 The snaw flakes cam and filled their mouths  
 When they attempted speakin'.

But as the storm did fast increase,  
 And as the wreaths did gather,  
 The weaver's bundle had unloosed  
 And fa'n frae aff his shouter.

When sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,  
 His loss he did discover,  
 He left the coach, and sought in vain,  
 His bundle to recover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
 Through storm his voice did sound ill,  
 At length he stood, and wept, and cried,  
 "My bundle! O my bundle!"

'Twas vain: the snaw had covered o'er  
 The wab, his view preventin',  
 The coach drave on—the weaver stood  
 Alane, his case lamentin'.

## BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

*AIR—Good Morrow to Your Night Cap.*

Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 And dinna be sae rude to me,  
 As kiss me sae before folk.  
 It wadna gie me meikle pain,  
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,  
 To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;  
 But, guidsake! no before folk.  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk;  
 Whate'er you do, when out o' view,  
 Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,  
 And what a great affair they'll mak',  
 O' naething but a simple smack,  
 That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk;  
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young  
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,  
 That I sae plainly tell you this;  
 But losh! I tak' it sair amiss  
 To be sae teased before folk.

Behave yourself before folk,  
 Behave yourself before folk;  
 When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,  
 But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free  
 As ony modest lass should be;  
 But yet, it doesna do to see  
 Sic freedom used before folk.  
 Behave yourself before folk,  
 Behave yourself before folk;  
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—  
 So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;  
 It may be sae—I dinna care—  
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair  
 As ye ha'e done before folk.  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk;  
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,  
 But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,  
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;  
 At ony rate, it's hardly meet  
 To pree their sweets before folk.  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk;  
 Gin that's the case, there's time and place,  
 But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist  
 That I should suffer to be kiss'd,  
 Gae, get a license frae the priest,  
 And mak' me yours before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk,  
 Behave yoursel' before folk;  
 And when we're ane, bluid, flesh and bane,  
 Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

# HABBIE SIMPSON

## AND HIS WIFE.

[*Reprinted from memory.*]

You've a' heard tell o' the Brig o' Johnston. If no, I'll tell you. It's oot frae Paisley a bit; and in days gane by, there lived ane o' Scotland's best pipers,—I mean Habbie Simpson and his wife, as jolly a couple as ever trod the earth. Mony a fuddle they had during their sojourn here, and sometimes they would be on the spree for weeks at a time, when their bawbees were a' handed in to the pouch o' the publican and their credit was nane o' the best. However, Habbie was much respected at the Big House, baith by the Laird and the Lady, and he and his pipes were always sure to be there at every merry-making.

It happened upon a time when they had been on the bottle for a fortnight, that Habbie and his wife were baith in the horrors, and naething in the house to slocken their drouth. While lying gaping with their throats as dry as a stick, Habbie punches Peggie in the ribs with his elbows, and says, "Peggie, get up and try to raise the wind, and gi'e us something to wet our mouths wi'—"

"Get up yoursel', man; it's your business to provide for our wants."

"Gae 'wa noo, Peggie, an' get us a drap."

"Na, na! Habbie, the siller's a' dune, and as for our credit, it's dune lang syne. There's nae use trying; I ken brawly."

"Ah, but Peggie, your a grand schemer. You was aye gude o' that."

"Weel, Habbie, I canna do onything unless you was dead."

"Me dead, Peggie! and what could you do then to benefit me in my present predicament? I wonder to hear ye."

"I mean sham dead, ye ken."

"And what would ye do if I was sham dead?"

"Weel, ye ken, the Laird is gaun on a hunt the day, and I would just gang doon and meet him as he's gaun awa' to hunt, and tell him ye're dead; and he's sure to gi'e me something to get you decently buried."

"O Peggie! Peggie! ye're a grand schemer. I'll be sham dead, if ye can mak' onything o't."

Sae Peggie put the sheet on the top o' him, and awa' she went to meet the Laird. When they met, the Laird accosted her with "Gude morning, Margaret, I'm glad I've seen you; tell Habbie to be over at 7 to-night with his pipes, as I have some friends going on a hunt, and we mean to have a party in the evening when we return."

[*Peggie crying.*] "Ah! sir, I've sad news to tell ye; Habbie Simpson's dead, and there's no a pickle meal in the house, nor naething to bury him wi'."

"Habbie Simpson dead! My friend Habbie! My piper! Well, well."

"Ou aye, sir, he de'ed this morning, and there's neither meat nor drink in the house."

"Well, Margaret, here is five shillings; take that and get some provisions, and I will see the Lady when I get home about getting Habbie Simpson decently interred."

[*Margaret crying.*] "O thank you, sir; ye were aye kind to me and Habbie. Thank ye. Thank ye."

So hame she comes, taking good care to get a bottle filled on her way to cheer up Habbie after his lang lie in bed. Meanwhile Habbie espied Peggie coming along the footpath, and from her looks he thought she had succeeded; so he rubs his hands on his knees, saying to himsel'—"Our Meg's a grand schemer."

Meg entered, holding up a bottle.

"Capital, Peggie, I aye said you was the best o' us twa. Gie's a toothfu'."

So Meg sat doon and had anither jolly day.

As night was coming on, Habbie says, "But what are we to do for the morn?"

"It's your turn next," says Peggie.

"Weel," says Habbie, "I canna do onything unless you be dead. If you be dead—sham dead, I mean—I'll gang ower to the Big House and see the Lady and tell her that you're dead and I'll warrant she'll gi'e me something to keep the house the morn."



Sae Margaret agreed to be dead till Habbie came back; and he set off through the short cuts to the Big House. The Lady seeing Habbie coming with a pretty long face, bade him good evening, and told him that he was expected to be over to the party that evening.

"Ah! Ma'm, isn't oor Peggie de'ed, and there's neither meal nor whisky in the house, and I've got naething to bury her wi'."

"Sad news, indeed; I sympathize with you, Habbie. Wait a moment, and I will get something ready for you."

So a basket, well filled with both meat and drink, was soon hanging over Habbie Simpson's arm, dangling hame to comfort Margaret, who was anxious to know the result. Arrived at hame, they baith made themselves comfortable on the contents of the basket.

Leaving them to their enjoyment, we return to the Big House, where the Laird had just arrived with his party.

"O, Madam, we have had a glorious hunt to-day, and must spend the evening as gloriously."

"Sir, I have sad news to communicate to you."

"O, I forgot," says he, "that Habbie Simpson is dead, and promised his wife to come over with you to make arrangements for the funeral."

"Margaret, you mean, sir."

"I mean what I say—Habbie is dead."

"Well, sir, I mean to say it is his wife."

"I tell you it is Habbie," says he.

"I tell you it is Margaret," says she.

"Do you mean to dispute my word, Madam? I saw Margaret this morning, and she informed me of his death; so it must be him that's dead."

"You are excited over your good sport to-day. I tell you, sir, I saw Habbie this afternoon, and he told me his wife was dead; so it must be her that's dead."

"I tell you I wont believe it, until I see it, for I say it s Habbie that's dead."

"I tell you, sir, it is her that's dead, and Habbie's alive."

"I will not eat before this is settled. Put on your cloak, Madam, and you will see it is him that's dead."

"I am ready, sir, and you will see it is her that's dead."

So off the pair started.

Habbie and his wife were sitting at the table, tasting some of the Lady's best bottle, when Habbie noticed some one coming along the footpath:

"As sure as my name is Habbie Simpson, there's the Laird and the Lady coming. What will we do noo?"

"Do?" quoth she; "baith be dead, to be sure, and you gang to the back o' the bed, for you de'ed first."

No time to lose, they were hardly in bed when in comes the Laird and the Lady, and see the house in the condition described.

"Well," says the Laird, "this is astonishing!"

"O dear!" says she, "this is terrible; but I say, she died first."

"I will give five shillings," says the Laird, "to know who died first."

Habbie could not lose the chance of winning five shillings, so he got up on his elbow and said, "Gi'e me the five shillings, sir! I de'ed first! I de'ed first!"

It is unnecessary to say, that Habbie went over to the Big House with his pipes that evening; and the relating of what you have now read, by the Laird of Johnstone to his friends, caused as much sport and enjoyment as did the hunting throughout the day.

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## I CANNA SLEEP.

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON.

I canna sleep a wink, lassie, whan I gang to bed at night,  
But still o' thee I think, lassie, till morning sheds its light,  
I lie and think o' thee, lassie, and I toss frae side to side,  
Like a vessel on the sea, lassie, when stormy is the tide.

My heart is no my ain, lassie, it winna bide wi' me,  
 Like a birdie it has gane, lassie, to nestle saft wi' thee.  
 I canna lure it back, lassie, sae keep it to yoursel',  
 But, oh! it sure will brack, lassie, if you dinna use it well.

Where the treasure is, they say, lassie, the spirit lingers there,  
 And mine has fled away, lassie, you needna ask me where:  
 I marvel oft if rest, lassie, on my eyes and heart wad bide,  
 If I thy troth possess'd, lassie, and thou wert at my side.

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## DONALD OF DUNDEE.

Young Donald is the blythest lad  
 That e'er made love to me;  
 When'er he's by my heart is glad,  
 He seems so gay and free;  
 Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,  
 And in his plaid he looks so neat,  
 It cheers my heart at eve to meet  
 Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,  
 Young Sandy follows me,  
 And fain he wants to be my love,  
 But ah! it canna be.  
 Though mither frets both air an' late,  
 For me to wed this youth I hate;  
 There's none need hope to gain young Kate  
 But Donald of Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,  
 The ring he showed to me,  
 And bade me name the bridal-day,  
 Then happy wou'd he be.  
 I ken the youth will aye prove kind,  
 Nae mair my mither will I mind,  
 Mess John to me shall quickly bind  
 Young Donald of Dundee.

**JEANIE'S THE LASSIE FOR ME.**

I neither gat plenishing, siller, nor land,  
 Wi' the bonny wee lassie that ga'e me her hand;  
 But I gat a kind heart, and lovely black e'e,  
 And that was worth manors and mailings to me.

I might had a wife wi' a boarding-school air,  
 Bedizen'd wi' trinkets and pearlins sae rare;  
 A weel stockit purse, and a lang pedigree,—  
 But these without true love, wad ne'er suited me.

Commend me to Jeanie, there's grace in her air,  
 And purity reigns in her bosom sae fair;  
 The tones of her voice and the blink of her e'e,  
 And her smile sae bewitching, are treasure to me.

When absent frae her, how my bliss is impair'd,  
 Tho' I dine wi' the leddies, and drink wi' the laird;  
 But to meet her again, and her sweet bairnies three,  
 Is worth mailings, and manors, and kingdoms to me.

**PETER GRAY.**

My song is of a nice young man,  
 Whose name was Peter Gray;  
 The state where Peter Gray was born,  
 Was Pennsylvania.

This Peter Gray did fall in love  
 All with a nice young girl;  
 The name of her, I'm positive,  
 Was Liziany Querl.

When they were going to be wed,  
 Her father, he said "No!"  
 And brutally did send her off  
 Beyond the Ohi-o.

When Peter found his love was lost,  
 He knew not what to say;  
 He'd half a mind to jump into  
 The Susquehann-i-a.

A trading he went to the west,  
 For furs and other skins;  
 And there he was in crimson dressed  
 By bloody In-ji-ins.

When Liziany heard the news,  
 She straightway went to bed;  
 And never did get off from it,  
 Until she di-i-d.

Ye fathers all a warning take—  
 Each one as has a girl;  
 And think upon poor Peter Gray  
 And Liziany Querl.

## A THOUSAND A YEAR.

ROBIN RUFF—

If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green—  
 If I had but a thousand a year,  
 What a man would I be, and what sights would I see,  
 If I had but a thousand a year?

GAFFER GREEN—

The best wish you could have, take my word; Robin Ruff,  
 Would scarce find you in bread or in beer;  
 But be honest and true, say what would you do,  
 If you had but a thousand a year?

ROBIN RUFF—

I'd do—I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green,  
 I'd go—faith, I scarcely know where;  
 I'd scatter the chink, and leave others to think,  
 If I had but a thousand a year.

GAFFER GREEN—

But when you are aged and gray, Robin Ruff,  
And the day of your death it draws near,  
Say, what with your pains, would you do with your gains,  
If you then had a thousand a year?

ROBIN RUFF—

I scarcely can tell what you mean, Gaffer Green,  
For your questions are always so queer;  
But as other folks die, I suppose so must I,—

GAFFER GREEN—

What! and give up your thousand a year?

There's a place that is better than this, Robin Ruff,—  
And I hope in my heart you'll go there,—  
Where the poor man's great, though he hath no estate,  
Ay, as if he'd a thousand a year.

## THE TINKLER'S WEDDIN'.

AIR—*Monnymusk.*

In June when broom in bloom was seen,  
An' brackens wav'd fou fresh an' green,  
An' warm the sun, wi' silver sheen,  
The hills an' glens did gladden, O.  
Ae day, upon the border bent,  
The tinklers pitch'd their gipsy tent,  
An' auld an' young wi' ae consent,  
Resolv'd to haud a weddin', O.

The bridegroom was wild Norman Scott,  
Wha thrice had broke the nuptial knot,  
An' ance was sentenced to be shot

For breach o' martial orders, O;  
His gleesome joe was Madge McKell,  
A spaewife, match for Nick himsel',  
Wi' glamour, cantraip, charm and spell,  
She frightit baith the borders, O.

Nae priest was there, wi' solemn face,  
 Nae clerk to claim o' crowns a brace;  
 The piper an' fiddler *play'd the grace*,  
 To set their gabs asteerin' O.  
 'Mang beef an' mutton, pork an' veal,  
 'Mang painches, plucks, an' fresh cow-heel.  
 Fat haggises an' caller jeel,  
 They clawt awa careerin', O.

Fresh saumon newly ta'en in Tweed,  
 Saut ling an' cod, o' Shetland breed,  
 They worry'd till kytes were like to screed,  
 'Mang flaggons an' flasks o' gravy, O.  
 There were raisin kail, an' sweet-milk saps,  
 An' ewe-milk cheese in whangs and flaps;  
 An' they roopit, to gust their gabs an' craps,  
 Right mony a cadger's cavie, O.

The drink flew roun' in wild galore,  
 An' soon uprais'd a hideous roar,  
 Blithe Comus ne'er a queerer core  
 Saw seated round his table, O.  
 They drank, they danc'd, they swore, they sang,  
 They quarrell'd an' 'greed the hale day lang,  
 An' the wranglin' that wrang amang the thrang  
 Wad match'd the tongues o' Babel, O.

The drink gaed done before their drouth,  
 That vex'd baith mony a maw an' mouth,  
 It damped the fire o' age an' youth,  
 An' every breast did sadden, O;  
 Till three stout louns flew owre the fell,  
 At risk o' life, their drouth to quell,  
 An' robb'd a neeborin smuggler's stell  
 To carry on the weddin', O.

Wi' thunderin' shouts they hail'd them back,  
 To broach the barrels that werena slack,  
 While the fiddler's plane-tree leg they brak'  
 For layin' fareweel to whisky, O.



Delirium seiz'd the roarious thrang,  
 The bagpipes in the fire they flang,  
 An' sowtherin'-airns on riggins rang,  
     The drink play'd siccan a pliskie, O.

The sun fell laigh owre Solway's banks,  
 While on they plied their roughsome pranks,  
 An' the stalwart shadows o' their shanks,  
     Wide owre the muir were spreadin', O.  
 Till, heads-an'-throws, amang the whins,  
 They fell wi' broken brows an' shins,  
 An' sair-craist banes fill'd mony skins,  
     To close the Tinkler's Weddin', O.

## MR. FINNEGAN.

I'm a dacent, laboring youth,  
     I wur born in the town of Dunshockalin,  
 I'm a widower, now, in my youth,  
     Since I buried swate Molly McLaughlin.  
 I wur married but once in my life,  
     Shure, I'll never commit such a sin again:  
 For I found out, when she wur my wife,  
     She wur fond of one Barney McFinnegan,  
     Whack fil lil lan ta ra le.

Her father had castles of mud,  
     Of which I wur fond of admiring,  
 They were built in the time of the flood,  
     For to keep her ancestors dry in.  
 When he found I had Molly bespoken,  
     First he got fat, and then he got thin again,  
 In the struggle, his gizzard he broke,  
     And we had a corpse of McFinnegan.  
     Whack fil lil lan ta ra le.

For convanience, the corpse was put  
     Along with his friends in the barn, shure,



While some came to it on foot,  
 And others came down from Dunagrins shore.  
 My wife she cried and she sobbed,  
 I chucked her out twice, and she got in again;  
 I gave her a belt in the gob,  
 When I wur knocked down by McFinnegan.  
 Whack fil lil lan ta ra le.

The bed and the corpse was upset,  
 The row it commenced in a minute, shure,  
 Divil a bit of a stick had I got,  
 'Till they broke all the legs of the furniture.  
 In faith, as the blood flew about,  
 Eyes were shoved out and shoved in again,  
 I got a southwestern clout,  
 Which knocked me on top of old Finnegan.  
 Whack fil lil lan ta ra le.

How long I was dead, I don't know,  
 But this I know, I wasn't livin', shure,  
 I awoke with a pain in my toe,  
 For they were both tied with a ribbon, shure,  
 I opened my mouth for to spake,  
 The shate was rolled up to my chin, again,  
 "Och! Molly," says I, "I'm awake,"  
 "Oh!" says she, "You'll be buried wid Finnegan."  
 Whack fil lil lan ta ra le.

I opened my eyes for to see,  
 I strove to get up to knock her about;  
 I found that my two toes were tied,  
 Like a spoon in a pot of thick stir-a-bout.  
 But I soon got the use of my toes,  
 By a friend of the corpse, Larry Galligan,  
 Who helped me to get into my clothes,  
 For to spread the grass over Finnegan.  
 Whack fil lil lan ta ra le.

Och! my she divil came home from the spree,  
 Full of whisky, and ripe from the buryin', shure,